THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Pocket Edition.

But see, at length, the British Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold, for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one———
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Brown.

VOL. III.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.
VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

ODES,	MISCELLANIES,
VERSIFICATIONS,	EPITAPHS,
EPISTLES,	DUNCIAD.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh, maſter of the poet and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To man's low paſſions or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe———
Oh! while along the ſtream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
Shall then this Verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart?
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring Pride whatever is is right——
That virtue only makes our bliſs below,
And all our knowledge is ourſelves to know.

Eſſay on Man.

London:
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Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

1606/1944.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

[Written in the Year 1708.]

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! deſcend and ſing,
The breathing inſtruments inſpire;
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet ſound
Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn, organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies.
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling the wild muſic floats;
Till by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Muſic minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouſes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our paſſions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main:
Tranſported demigods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Inflam'd with Glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade;
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies, rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But, hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre,
And, ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire;
See ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus! ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance;
The Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V. By

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of aſphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed ſhades
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life;
Oh, take the huſband, or return the wife!
He ſung, and Hell conſented
To hear the poet's pray'r;
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' Fate had faſt bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the Fatal Siſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds o'er the deſert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains, rung.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And Fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our Joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire,
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n:
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heav'n.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about twelve Years old.

HAPPY the man whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

Bleſs'd,

Bleſs'd, who can unconcern'dly find
  Hours, days, and years, ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
  Quiet by day.

Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe
  Together mix'd; ſweet recreation;
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe,
  With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
  Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
  Tell where I lie.

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame!
  Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature! ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite!
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul! can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

THE SATIRES
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED.

> Quid vetat et noſmet Lucili ſcripta legentes
> Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
> Verſiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
> Molius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES, thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too;
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there muſt be ſtill
One giant vice ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide one pities, not abhors,
As who knows Sappho ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that poetry's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' Exciſe and Army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving all allow.
Yet like the Papiſt's is the poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.

SATIRE II.

SIR, tho' (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town, yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the reſt.
Tho' poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in;
Tho', like the peſtilence and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate:
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,

Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above:
Heav'n by th' breath th' inſpiring bellows blow;
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.
One ſings the fair; but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in Nature's, ſpite the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the devil, and all but gold.
Theſe write to lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat:
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched, indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe paſs'd thro' him no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe confeſſors and martyrs
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,

And ſaves his life) gives idiot actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by's labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome organs puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move,
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms.
Rams and ſlings now are ſilly battery;
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery:
And they who write to lords rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
Th' excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worſt who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue
As his own things: and they're his own, 'tis true;
For if one eat my meat, tho' it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.

Outcant old Eſdras, or outdrink his heir,
Out-uſure Jews, or Iriſhmen out-ſwear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Acts ſins which Priſca's confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no canoniſt can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence,
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox, [dence:
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive, than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too?
Pierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per* year?

But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe
To ..... out-uſure Jews,
T' out-drink the ſea, t' outſwear the Litany,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake,
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Whoſe ſtrange ſins canoniſts could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of Coſcus only breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and make botches pox,
And plodding on muſt make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer which (alas!) of late,
But ſcarce a poet, jollier of this ſtate
Than are new-benefic'd miniſters: he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, whereſo'er he goes,
His title of Barriſter on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench * *
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's ſoft ear,

Or court a wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himſelf Barriſter to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language which Boreas might to Auſter hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain,
Paltry and proud as drabs in Drury-Lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praiſe, if Peter but ſupplies!
And what a ſolemn face if he denies!
Grave, as when pris'ners ſhake the head, and ſwear
'Twas only ſuretyſhip that brought 'em there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you he walks the ſtreets thro' rain or duſt,
For not in chariots Peter puts his truſt:
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,
And lies to ev'ry lord in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *

More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcoldings, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbys roar.
When ſick with poetry, and poſſeſs'd with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuſe
Law-practice for meer gain, bold ſouls repute
Worſe than imbrothell'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk
Idly, like pris'ners, which whole months will ſwear
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lie in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king:
Like a wedge in a block wring to the bar,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs far
Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor

Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of baſtardy in heirs to crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal,
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till like the ſea, they compaſs all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand:
And when rank widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a duke to Janſſen punts at White's,
Or city-heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piece-meal they win this acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole eſtate;
Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, cov'nants, articles, they draw,
Large as the fields themſelves, and larger far
Than Civil codes, with all their gloſſes, are;
So vaſt, our new divines, we muſt confeſs,
Are fathers of the church for writing leſs.
But let them write, for you each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dext'rouſly omits *ſes heires*:
No commentator can more ſlily paſs
O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;

Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand;
And ſpying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitchen ſtuff,
And barrelling the droppings and the ſnuff
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year,
(Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding chear)
Piece-meal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances big as gloſs'd civil laws;
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardneſs)
Are fathers of the church for writing leſs.

Or in quotation ſhrewd divines leave out
Thoſe words that would againſt them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noſter long,
When doom'd to ſay his beads and even ſong;
But having caſt his cowl, and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's pray'r the Pow'r and Glory clauſe.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient woods that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new built palaces aſpire,
No kitchens emulate the Veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of poor that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well, I could wiſh that ſtill, in lordly domes,
Some beaſts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian faſts and ſulſome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that juſt mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.

Theſe he writes not, nor for theſe written pays,
Therefore ſpares no length; (as in thoſe firſt days
When Luther was profeſt, he did deſire
Short Pater-noſters, ſaying as a fryer
Each day his beads; but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's pray'r the Power and Glory clauſe;)
But when he ſells or changes land, h' impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ſes heires*,
And ſlily, as any commentor, goes by
Hard words or ſenſe; or in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.
Where are thoſe ſpread woods which cloth'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthuſian faſts and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Means bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;

Theſe are good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But, oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt without offence;
Let no court ſycophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly informer watch, theſe words to draw
Within the reach of treaſon or the law.

None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh!) w' allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatute-laws.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The poets' hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verſes nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to Court!—the devil would have it ſo.
But as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to maſs in jeſt, (as ſtory ſays,)
Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
Since 't was no form'd deſign of ſerving God,
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, and negligent of good,

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poiſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen.
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to court: but as Glare, which did go
To maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
The hundred marks, which is the ſtatute's curſe,
Before he 'ſcap'd; ſo 't pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Full, as proud, luſtful, and as much in debt,

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monſter than on Afric's ſhore
The ſun e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night would ſwear him dropp'd out of the moon:
One whom the mob, when next we find or make
A Popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take,
And the wiſe juſtice, ſtarting from his chair,
Cry, by your prieſthood, tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: the apparel on his back,
Tho' coarſe was rev'rend, and tho' bare was black:
The ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Beſs,

As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way,
Therefore I ſuffer'd this. Towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange than on Nile's ſlime the ſun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than ſeven antiquaries' ſtudies,
Than Afric's monſters, Guiana's rarities;
Stranger than ſtrangers; one who for a Dane
In the Danes' maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe:
One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One t' whom th' examining juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your prieſthood, tell me what you are?
His cloaths were ſtrange tho' coarſe, and black tho' bare;
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 't was now (ſo much ground was ſeen)

But mere tufftaffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.
This thing has travell'd, ſpeaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry ſtate to do;
Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himſelf I've heard, and Budgell too,
The Doctor's wormwood ſtyle, the haſh of tongues
A pedant makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
And (all thoſe plagues in one) the bawling bar:
Theſe I could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil:
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel ſcores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He ſpies me out; I whiſper, gracious God!
What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?

Become tufftaffety; and our children ſhall
See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travell'd, and, faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all ſtates belongs;
Made of the accents and beſt phraſe of all theſe
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
Art can deceive or hunger force my taſte;
But pedants' motley tongue, ſoldiers' bombaſt,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this; yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue called complement;
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me: I whiſper, God!
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,

That all the ſhot of Dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit, he cries, no ſtranger to your fame,
To crave your ſentiment, if ——'s your name.
What ſpeech eſteem you moſt? The King's, ſaid I.
But the beſt words?—O, Sir, the Dictionary.
You miſs my aim; I mean the moſt acute,
And perfect ſpeaker—Onſlow, paſt diſpute.
But, Sir, of writers? Swift for cloſer ſtyle,
But Hoadly for a period of a mile.
Why, yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs;
Good common linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;
Nay, troth the Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet theſe were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm 'twas travel made them what they were.
Thus others' talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſure tranſition to his own;
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
Pity you was not druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the Tow'r had ſtood.
Obliging Sir! for courts you ſure were made,
Why then for ever bury'd in the ſhade?

This fellow chuſeth me? He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you preſer
For the beſt linguiſt? and I ſillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men? moſt ſweet Sir! Beza, then,
Some Jeſuits, and two rev'rend men
Of our two academies, I nam'd. Here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid; Nay, your Apoſtles were
Good pretty linguiſts; ſo Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, if you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, ſure the Tow'r had ſtood.
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good

Spirits like you ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen;
The King would ſmile on you—at leaſt the Queen.
Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers ſo cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus:*
And as for courts, forgive me if I ſay,
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way.
Tho' in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And tho' the Court ſhow vice exceeding clear,
None ſhould, by my advice, learn virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies;
Oh 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!
Then happy man who ſhows the tombs! ſaid I;
He dwells amidſt the royal family;
He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get, by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, eaſe and bread.
Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic! ſtrangely low,
And coarſe of phraſe—your Engliſh all are ſo.

You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My loneneſs is; but Spartanes' faſhion;
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not laſt
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaſte;
No more can princes' courts, tho' there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
He, like to a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring ſqueakt, O, Sir!
'Tis ſweet to talk of kings! At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey tombs,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk;
Your ears ſhall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique coarſe,
So're all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.

How elegant your Frenchmen! Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your Paduaſoy.
Not, Sir, my only; I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille—
Wild to get looſe, his patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke:
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, what news? I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a ſtill, with ſimples in it,
Between each drop it gives ſtays half a minute;
Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little and by little drops his lies.
Mere houſehold traſh! of birthnights, balls, and ſhows
More than ten Holinſheds, or Halls, or Stows.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.
Certes, they're neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him; but as itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge hurts worſe; ſo I (fool!) found
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another-key his ſtile doth dreſs,
And aſks, what news? I tell him of new plays:
He takes my hand, and as a ſtill, which ſtays
A ſemibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loath to inrich me, ſo tells many a lye,
More than ten Holinſheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſehold traſh he knows. He knows

When the Queen frown'd or ſmil'd he knows, and what
A ſubtle miniſter may make of that:
Who ſins, with whom; who got his penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a reverſion by a drug;
Whoſe place is quarter'd out three parts in four,
And whether to a biſhop or a whore:
Who having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who in the ſecret deals in ſtocks ſecure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a truſt of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes riſe, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis ſee the country or the town:
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing courtier will have toll:
He tells what ſtrumpet places ſells for life,
What 'ſquire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, ſick and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate—yet he thruſts in more;
Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſtboys o'er by heart.

When the Queen frown'd or ſmil'd; and he knows what
A ſubtle ſtateſman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom, and who by poiſon
Haſtes to an office's reverſion:
He knows who 'ath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egg-
Shells to tranſport. Shortly boys ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome courtier; and, wiſer than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly like a patient, yet
He thruſts on more; and as he had undertook
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all ſtates and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came to th' loſs of Amyens,

Like a big wife at ſight of loathſome meat,
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh and ſweat:
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill becauſe delay'd:
Nay hints 'tis by connivance of the Court
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a port.
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,
Than mine, to find a ſubject, ſtay'd and wiſe,
Already half-turn'd traitor by ſurprize.
I felt th' infection ſlide from him to me,
As in the pox ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me methought I ſaw
One of our giant ſtatues ope its jaw.

Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail, ſo I ſigh and ſweat
To hear this makaron talk in vain; for yet,
Either my humour or his own to fit,
He, like a privileg'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names a price for ev'ry office paid:
He ſaith, our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;
That offices are in tail, and that there are
Perpetuities of them laſting as far
As the laſt day, and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards ſhare and Dunkirkers.
Who waſtes in meat, in cloaths, in horſe he notes;
Who loves whores . . . . . .
I, more amaz'd than Circe's priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming traitor, and methought I ſaw
One of our giant ſtatues ope his jaw
To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found,
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: therefore I did ſhow

In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood juſt a-tilt, the miniſter came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and, ſtill afraid to ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Ran out as faſt as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, ſome God! oh! quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome ſolitude, the nurſe of ſenſe,
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffl'd wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity kings!
There ſober thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.

All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine and my forefathers' ſin
To the laſt farthing: therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear this croſs: but th' hour
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'ſcape his torturing,
And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me—? I ſaid, willingly.
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it as ranſom. But as fiddlers ſtill,
Tho' they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you; ſo did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown. Scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee
All the court fill'd with ſuch ſtrange things as he)
Ran from thence with ſuch or more haſte than one
Who fears more actions doth haſte from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuitors at Court to mourn, and a trance
Like his who dreamt he ſaw hell did advance

A viſion hermits can to hell tranſport,
And forc'd e'en me to ſee the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe fear becomes the guilty, not the free,
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but ſuits not me.
Shall I, the terror of this ſinful Town,
Care if a liv'ry lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble ſerving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft nobility?
Thou who, ſince yeſterday, haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier ſort
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a Court?
Now pox on thoſe who ſhew a court in wax!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs;
Such painted puppets! ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dreſs and face!
Such waxen notes, ſtately ſtaring things—
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them kings.

Itſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at Court, and worſe, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer; then
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high born or rais'd men
Fear frowns, and, my miſtreſs Truth! betray thee
To th' huffing, braggart, puft nobilitie?
No, no; thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O Sun! in all thy journey, vanity
Such as ſwells the bladder of our Court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap nor
Taſte have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks are, their fruits baſtard all.

See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the Court, and come
All freſh and fragrant to the drawing room,
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
That's velvet for a king! the flatt'rer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
That helps it both to fools'-coats and to fools.
And why not players ſtrut in courtiers' clothes?
For theſe are actors too as well as thoſe.
Wants reach all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt.
Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochineal,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a veſſel and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he and ſhe in all her trim,
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him.

'Tis ten a-clock, and paſt; all whom the meuſe,
Baloun, tennis, diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
In the preſence, and I, (God pardon me!)
As freſh and ſweet their apparels be, as be
The fields they ſold to buy them. For a king
Thoſe hoſe are, cries the flatt'rer; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates. Me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage as Court. All are players; whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books,
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
The ladies come. As pirates, which do know
That there come weak ſhips fraught with cochineal,
The men board them, and praiſe (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
Why good wits: ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns I thought.
This cauſe; theſe men men's wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all reds which ſcarlets dye.

Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!
And, ſweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burſt e'en Heraclitus with the ſpleen
To ſee thoſe antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer pagod.
See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the beſt proportion'd fools!
Adjuſt their clothes, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw:
But, oh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime——a hole?
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey tails that wag behind their head;
Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.

He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net;
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair looſe ſet,
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoe himſelf at door refine,
As if the preſence were a Moſchite; and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate?
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odd tries
Of his neck to his legs, and waiſt to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and ſymmetry
Perfect as circles, with ſuch nicety
As a young preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes

Let but the ladies ſmile and they are bleſt:
Prodigious! how the things proteſt, proteſt.
Peace, fools! or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you,
If once he catch you at your Jeſu! Jeſu!
Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whoſe air cries arm! whoſe very look's an oath.
The captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his ſoul's bullet, and his body buff:
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before,
Like batt'ring-rams, beats open ev'ry door;
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like Law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from goals to execution go;

Him not ſo much as good-will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts;
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquiſition,
And whiſpers by Jeſu ſo oft', that a
Purſuivant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying of our Lady's pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague; they merit it.
But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough careleſſneſs good faſhion;
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if arm, arm!
He meant to cry; and tho' his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like Law.
Tir'd, now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from goals to execution go;

For hung with deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than all:
Each man an Aſkapart, of ſtrength to toſs,
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs.
Scar'd at the griſly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.
Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine!
From ſuch alone the great rebukes endure,
Whoſe ſatire's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains, but their's
To deluge ſin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may paſs for holy writ.

Go thro' the great chamber, (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
Thoſe Aſkaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth but Queen's man and fine
Living, barrels of beef and flagons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpy'd ſpy. Preachers! which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the ſins of this place; for, for me,
Which am but a ſcant brook, it enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away. Altho' I yet
(With Machabee' modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe man ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my writs canonical.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES,
IN TWO DIALOGUES.

[Written in the Year 1738.]

DIALOGUE I.

F. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes the Court ſee nothing in't.
You grow correct that once with rapture writ,
And are, beſides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all muſt feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their truſt in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves he laſh'd no ſort of vice:
Horace would ſay, Sir Billy ſerv'd the Crown,
Blunt could do buſ'neſs, Higgins knew the Town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the ſex,
In rev'rend biſhops note ſome ſmall neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggiſh thing,
Who cropt our ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
Could pleaſe at Court, and make Auguſtus ſmile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and ſhame, and was a kind of ſcreen.
But 'faith, your very friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go, ſee Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert! hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
See him I have; but in his happier hour
Of ſocial pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.

Would

Would he oblige me? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is—I dare laugh out.

F. Why, yes: with Scripture ſtill you may be free;
A horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at honeſty,
A joke on Jekyll, or ſome odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principle or wig.
A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the ſtage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old virtue as they will.

If any aſk you, "Who's the man ſo near
"His prince that writes in verſe, and has his ear?"
Why, anſwer Lyttleton! and I'll engage
The worthy youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage;
But were his verſes vile, his whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's caſe.
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt Fleury,
But well may put ſome ſtateſmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any but at fools or foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jeſt
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt,
Did not the ſneer of more impartial men
At ſenſe and virtue balance all agen.
Judicious wits ſpread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu diſtinction, ſatire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmleſs characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Oſborne's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonia's tongue,
The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipt cream of courtly ſenſe;
The firſt was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.

O come!

O come! that eaſy Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin yet ſo Engliſh all the while.
As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read and girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the nation's ſenſe;
Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad verſe on Carolina's urn,
And hail her paſſage to the realms of reſt.
All parts perform'd, and all her children bleſt!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No Gazetter more innocent than I—
And let, a God's name! ev'ry fool and knave
Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why ſo? if Satire knows its time and place,
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt—in diſgrace;
For merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all ſatire in all changes ſpare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.
Silent and ſoft, as ſaints remove to heav'n,
All ties diſſolv'd, and ev'ry ſin forgiv'n,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There, where no paſſion, pride, or ſhame, tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet nepenthe of a court;
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's, diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their place;
But paſt the ſenſe of human miſeries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a queſtion or a job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig miniſters to Tory,
And when three ſov'reigns dy'd could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a gracious prince was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As pride in ſlaves and avarice in kings?
And at a peer or peereſs ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a ſiſter or forſwears a debt?

Virtue,

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the dignity of vice be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall Cibber's ſon, without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
A fav'rite porter with his maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a ſtateſman's ſkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?
Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man,
And ſo may'ſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!
But ſhall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himſelf and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not, bear;
Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care;
This calls the church to deprecate our ſin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.
Let modeſt Foſter, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaffe in doctrine—yea in life:
Let humble Allen, with an awkward ſhame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame.
Virtue may chuſe the high or low degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's till the ſame belov'd contented thing.
Vice is undone if ſhe forgets her birth,
And ſtoops from angels to the dregs of earth;
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatneſs own her, and ſhe's mean no more:
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confeſs,
Chaſte matrons praiſe her, and grave biſhops bleſs;
In golden chains the willing world ſhe draws,
And her's the goſpel is, and her's the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car
Old England's Genius, rough with many a ſcar,
Dragg'd

Dragg'd in the duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance; behind her crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or ſon!
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That not to be corrupted is the ſhame.
In ſoldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
See all our nobles begging to be ſlaves!
See all our fools aſpiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'ſcape or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wiſdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is ſacred now but villainy."
Yet may this verſe (if ſuch a verſe remain)
Show there was one who held it in diſdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton, Sir, will ſay.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow, 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to-day.
How ſhould I fret to mangle ev'ry line
In rev'rence to the ſins of Thirty-nine?
Vice with ſuch giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing genius ſins up to my ſong.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty laſh;
Ev'n Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a daſh.
Spare then the perſon, and expoſe the vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the ſharper, but the dice?
Come on then, Satire! general, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſouſe on all the kind.
Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen, vile in army, court, or hall!

Ye

Ye rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a ſiſter, who forſwore a debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's inquiring yet.
The pois'ning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't—
F. You do.
P. See now I keep the ſecret, and not you!
The bribing ſtateſman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd elector—F. There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you if I knew with what:
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not?
Muſt great offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to ſpare the knight requires,
As beaſts of nature may we hunt the ſquires?
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a biſhop may I name a Dean?
F. A dean, Sir? no; his fortune his not made;
You hurt a man that's riſing in the trade.
P. If not the tradeſman who ſets up to-day,
Much leſs the 'prentice, who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice:
Have you leſs pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendleſs villain, than the great?
Alas! the ſmall diſcredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the ſcribe.
Then better ſure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God!) have plums;
Still better miniſters, or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—Why lay it on a king.
F. Stop! ſtop!
P. Muſt Satire then nor riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, ſtrike that Wild, I'll juſtify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:

Who now that obſolete example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad:
You make men deſp'rate if they once are bad,
Elſe might he take to virtue ſome years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the prince.
F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows I praiſe a courtier where I can.
When I confeſs there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodneſs, need I Scarb'row name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Eſher's peaceful grove,
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love,)
The ſcene, the maſter op'ning to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my Craggs anew!
Ev'n in a biſhop I can ſpy deſert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benſon giv'n,
To Berkley ev'ry virtue under Heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my love:
I ſhun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine.
Oft' in the clear ſtill miror of retreat
I ſtudy'd Shrewſbury, the wiſe and great:
Carleton's calm ſenſe and Stanhope's noble flame
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the ſame:
How pleaſing Atterbury's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the ſoul, unconquer'd, in the Tow'r!
How can I Pultney, Cheſterfield, forget,
While Roman ſpirit charms, and Attic wit?
Argyle, the ſtate's whole thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the ſenate and the field?
Or Wyndham, juſt to freedom and the throne,
The maſter of our paſſions and his own?
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, nor number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay, no foll'wer, but a friend.

Yet think nor friendſhip only prompts my lays;
I follow virtue; where ſhe ſhines I praiſe,
Point ſhe to prieſt or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver caſt a glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Roſs or my Lord May'r.
Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret bias to a knave:
To find an honeſt man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
F. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verſe.
But random praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be done;
Each mother aſks it for her booby ſon,
Each widow aſks it for the beſt of men,
For him ſhe weeps, and him ſhe weds agen.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greateſt of theſe days
To 'ſcape my cenſure, not expect my praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richlieu wanted Louis ſcarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No pow'r the Muſes friendſhip can command;
No pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand.
To Cato, Virgil paid one honeſt line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no ſin;
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a ſlave,
And Lyttleton a dark deſigning knave;

St. John

St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a tyrant to his wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then if but a wreath of mine,
Oh all-accompliſh'd St. John! deck thy ſhrine?
What! ſhall each ſpur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-penſion'd ſycophant pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend,
Then wiſely plead to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure if I ſpare the miniſter, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid,
His ſaws are toothleſs, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To ſee a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,
The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the reſt;
Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold, Sir! for God's ſake; where's th' affront to [you?
Againſt your Worſhip when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whoſe diſtich all commend
[In pow'r a ſervant, out of pow'r a friend]
To W—le guilty of ſome venial ſin,
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?
The prieſt whoſe flattery bedropp'd the crown
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whoſe ſpeech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame.

Let courtly wits to wits afford ſupply,
As hog to hog in huts of Weſtphaly:
If one, thro' Nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth they feed and they carouſe;
The laſt full fairly gives it to the Houſe.
F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line,
Quite turns my ſtomach—P. So does flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chatres ſcarce could write or read;
In all the courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Becauſe the deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous paſtor blame a failing ſpouſe
Without a ſtaring reas'ning on his brows?
And each blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on man, but God?
Aſk you what provocation I have had?
The ſtrong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be your's.
Mine as a foe profeſs'd to falſe pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his ſenſe;
Mine as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're ſtrangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no ſlave;
So impudent, I own myſelf no knave;
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God afraid of me;

Safe

Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by ridicule alone.
O ſacred weapon! loſt for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and inſolence!
To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the gods muſt guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal,
To rouſe the watchmen of the public weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate ſlumb'ring in his ſtall.
Ye tinſel inſects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your ſtains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of Day,
The Muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes ſaints of queens and gods of kings;
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the preſs,
Like the loſt Gazette or the laſt Addreſs.
When black Ambition ſtains a public cauſe,
A monarch's ſword when mad Vain-glory draws,
No Waller's wreath can hide the nation's ſcar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a ſtar.
Not ſo when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's ſhrine,
Her prieſteſs Muſe forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity.
There other trophies deck the truly brave
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the grave;
Far other ſtars then * and ** wear,
And may deſcend to Mordington from Stair!
[Such as on Hough's unſully'd mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good Digby! from a heart like thine.]
Let Envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus ſings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let Flatt'ry ſick'ning ſee the incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies:
Truth guards the poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verſe as mean as mine.
Yes, the laſt pen for freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of law.

Here, laſt of Britons! let your names be read:
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the dead;
And for that cauſe which made your fathers ſhine,
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Eſſays on Man.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

To Robert Earl of Oxford and Lord Mortimer.*

SUCH were the notes thy once lov'd poet ſung,
Till death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, juſt beheld and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts, adorn'd!
Bleſs'd in each ſcience! bleſs'd in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him thou oft' haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For Swift and him deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dext'rous the craving, fawning, crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from flattery to wit.

Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear,)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of int'reſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Ox'ford e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And ſure if aught below the ſeats divine,
Can touch immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine;
A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all pain, all paſſion, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deſarts thy retreat is made,
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis her's the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain,

She

* Sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems, publiſhed by our Author after the ſaid Earl's impriſonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

She waits, or to the ſcaffold or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now ſhe ſhades thy ev'ning walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe,)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſunſet of thy various day;
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

EPISTLE II.

To James Craggs, Eſq. Secretary of State, 1720.

A SOUL as full of worth as void of pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
And boaſts a warmth that from no paſſion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing lie,
And ſtrikes a bluſh thro' frontleſs flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a friend by ſervile ways,
Nor wiſh to loſe a foe theſe virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed—a miniſter, but ſtill a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me:
The patriot's plain but untrod path purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of you.

EPISTLE III.

To Mr. Jervas, with Mr. Dryden's Tranſlation of Freſnoy's Art of Painting.*

THIS verſe be thine, my Friend! nor thou refuſe
This from no venal or ungrateful Muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line,
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvas call the mimic face;

Read

* This Epiſtle, and the two following, were written ſome years before the reſt, and originally printed in 1717.

Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire,
Freſnoy's cloſe art, and Dryden's native fire;
And reading wiſh, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name;
Like them to ſhine thro' long ſucceeding age;
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.

Smit with the love of ſiſter arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.
How oft' in pleaſing taſks we wear the day,
While ſummer's-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away!
How oft' our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft' review, each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend!

What flatt'ring ſcenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories riſing to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps, methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inſpiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repoſe where Tully once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome ruin's formidable ſhade.
While Fancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome a.new,
Here thy well-ſtudied marbles fix our eye,
A fading freſco here demands a ſigh:
Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's ſtrength, Correggio's ſofter line,
Paulo's free ſtroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
This ſmall well-poliſh'd gem, the work of years*;
Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſt
The living image in the painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;

Thence

* Freſnoy employed above 20 years in finiſhing his Poem.

Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
An Angel's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muſe! at that name thy ſacred ſorrow ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire;
Bid her be all that cheers or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!
Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage,
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r! that ev'ry ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurpriſe,
And other beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.
Oh! laſting as thoſe colours may they ſhine!
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay,
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule that guides, but not conſtrains,
And finiſh'd more thro' happineſs than pains:
The kindred arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.
Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And theſe be ſung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preſerv'ſt a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE IV.

To Miſs Blount, with the Works of Voiture, 1717.

IN theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;

His

His eaſy art may happy nature ſeem;
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart his miſtreſs and his friend did ſhare,
His time the Muſe, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle life away;
Till Fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs;
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious comedy;
In ev'ry ſcene ſome mortal let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach:
Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular;
Have humour, wit, a native eaſe and grace,
Tho' not too ſtrictly bound to time and place.
Critics in wit or life are hard to pleaſe;
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.

Too much your ſex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to womankind:
Cuſtom, grown blind with age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame,
Made ſlaves by honour, and made fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty tyrants chaſe,
But ſets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt;
But the laſt tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in conſtraint your ſuff'ring ſex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains: Whole

Whole years neglected for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning ſervant turns a haughty lord.
Ah! quit not the free innocence of life
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let falſe ſhews nor empty titles pleaſe:
Aim not at joy, but reſt content with eaſe.
The gods, to curſe Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to complete her bliſs, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and ſtate, but reach her outward part;
She ſighs, and is no ducheſs at her heart.
But, Madam, if the Fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe age or ſickneſs, ſoon or late, diſarms;
Good humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt.
Love rais'd on beauty will like that decay;
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day,
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at ev'ning torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus Voiture's early care* ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name:
By this ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.
Now crown'd with myrtle on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe lovers joys his gentle ghoſt;
Pleas'd while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brighteſt eyes of France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride,
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

EPISTLE

* Mademoiſelle Paulet.

EPISTLE V.

To the ſame, on her leaving the Town after the Coronation, 1715.

AS ſome fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholeſome country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh,
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever;
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent;
She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.

She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, aſſembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the ſquire;
Up to her godly garret after ſev'n,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some ſquire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whoſe game is Whiſt, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack;
Who viſits with a gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries—no words!
Or with his hounds comes hallowing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, tho' his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe.

In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See coronations riſe on ev'ry green:
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,

While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes,
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your ſlave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with headachs or the want of rhyme,)
Stands in the ſtreets abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you;
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vanquiſh quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, ruſh upon my ſight:
Vext to be ſtill in Town I knit my brow,
Look ſour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. John Moore, Author of the celebrated Worm-powder.

HOW much, egregious Moore! are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
E'er ſince our grandam's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themſelves we Book-worms name,
The blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The nymph whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a worm they take their riſe,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows;
Thus worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are muck-worms, ſilk-worms beaus,
And death-watches phyſicians.

That ſtateſmen have the worm, is ſeen
By all their winding play;
Their conſcience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy ſkill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would riſe,
If thou couldſt make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who ſett'ſt our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canſt adjourn
Some few ſhort years, no more!
Ev'n Button's wits to worms ſhall turn,
Who maggots were before.

EPISTLE VII.

To Mrs. M. B. on her Birth-day.

OH! be thou bleſs'd with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long health, long youth, long pleaſure, and a friend;
Not with thoſe toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a ſieve let ev'ry bleſſing thro',
Some joys ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain ſome ſad reflection more:
Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.
Let joy or eaſe, let affluence or content,
And the gay conſcience of a life well ſpent,

Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear,
Till death, unfelt, that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or ecſtacy of joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the ſabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

EPISTLE VIII.

To Mr. Thomas Southern, on his Birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
Preſents her harp ſtill to his fingers.
The feaſt his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild-gooſe and the larks!
The muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden!
And for his judgment, lo, a pudden!
Roaſt beef, tho' old, proclaims him ſtout,
And grace, altho' a bard devout.
May Tom, whom Heav'n ſent down to raiſe
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach.

THE BASSET TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA, LOVET.

Cardelia.

THE Baſſet-table ſpread, the tallier come,
Why ſtays Smilinda in the dreſſing-room?
Riſe, penſive nymph! the tallier waits for you.
Smil. Ah, Madam! ſince my Sharper is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd Alpheu.
I ſaw him ſtand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs which cheat the liſt'ning fair.
Card. Is this the cauſe of your romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains;
As you by love, ſo I by fortune croſt;
One, one bad deal three Septlevas have loſt.
Smil. Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With eaſe the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.
Card. A lover loſt is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs againſt that change prepare:
The knave of clubs thrice loſt; oh! who could gueſs
This fatal ſtroke, this unforeſeen diſtreſs?
Smil. See Betty Lovet! very *à-propos*,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty ſhall th' important point decide;
Betty! who oft' the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By cards' ill uſage, or by lovers loſt.
Lov. Tell, tell your griefs, attentive will I ſtay,
Tho' time is precious, and I want ſome tea.
Card. Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought.
See on the toothpick Mars and Cupid ſtrive,
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.

Upon the bottom ſhines the Queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-caſe.
Jove, Jove himſelf does on the ſciſſars ſhine,
The metal and the workmanſhip divine—
Smil. This ſnuff-box—once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the preſent ſtrove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then firſt his paſſion was in public ſhown:
Hazardia bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This ſnuff-box—on the hinge ſee brilliants ſhine,
This ſnuff-box will I ſtake the prize is mine.
Card. Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear
Have made a ſoldier ſigh, a lover ſwear.
And, oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaiſance I took the queen he gave,
Tho' my own ſecret wiſh was for the knave:
The knave won Sonica, which I had choſe,
And the next pull my Septleva I loſe.
Smil. But, ah! what aggravates the killing ſmart,
The cruel thought that ſtabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whoſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms ſhe wears.
An awkward thing when firſt ſhe came to town,
Her ſhape unfaſhion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enliv'ning red;
I introduc'd her to the Park and plays,
And by my int'reſt Cozens made her ſtays.
Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my fav'rite lover's heart.
Card. Wretch that I was, how often have I ſwore
When Winnall tally'd I would punt no more?
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
And ſee the folly which I cannot ſhun.
Smil. How many maids have Sharper's vows de-
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd? [ceiv'd?

Yet

Yet his known falſehoods could no warning prove;
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love.
Card. But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on Baſſet and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are ſet in decent rank,
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the ſhining train,
The winner's pleaſure, and the loſer's pain,
In bright confuſion open rouleaus lie,
They ſtrike the ſoul, and glitter in the eye:
Fir'd by the ſight, all reaſon I diſdain,
My paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Baſſet, you who reaſon boaſt,
And ſee if reaſon muſt not there be loſt.
Smil. What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then when he trembles! when his bluſhes riſe!
When awful love ſeems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves,
He loves—I whiſper to myſelf, He loves!
Such unfeign'd paſſion in his looks appears,
I loſe all mem'ry of my former fears;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms.
Think of that moment you who prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a moment prudence well were loſt.
Card. At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away;
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To Baſſet's heav'nly joys and pleaſing cares?
Smil. Soft Simplicetta dotes upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at ſhow:
Their ſeveral graces in my Sharper meet,
Strong as the footman, as the maſter ſweet.
Lov. Ceaſe your contention, which has been to long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage ſhall grace Smilinda's ſide;
The ſnuff-box to Cardelia I decree.
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, &c.

ONCE (ſays an author, where I need not ſay)
Two trav'llers found an oyſter in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry, the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While, ſcale in hand, Dame Juſtice paſs'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
Dame Juſtice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take, (ſays Juſtice,) take ye each a ſhell.
We thrive at Weſtminſter on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyſter—live in peace—Adieu.

Anſwer to the following Queſtion of Mrs. Howe.

WHAT is prud'ry?
'Tis a bedlam,
Seen with wit and beauty ſeldom.
'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows;
'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miſs Meadows.
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good nature;
Lean and fretful; would ſeem wiſe,
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly envious ſhrew
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

Occaſioned by ſome Verſes of his Grace the Duke of Buckingham.

MUSE, 'tis enough at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A Prologue by Mr. Pope, to a Play for Mr. Dennis's Benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great Diſtreſs, a little before his Death.

AS when that hero, who, in each campaign,
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal ſlain,
Lay Fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe;
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pity'd Beliſarius, old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the ſight?
A common ſoldier but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, ſuch emotions ſhould in Britons riſe,
When preſs'd by want and weakneſs Dennis lies;
Dennis! who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
A deſp'rate bulwark, ſturdy, firm, and fierce,
Againſt the Gothic ſons of frozen verſe:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And ſhook the ſtage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to daſh each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden ſhoes in ſcorn;
If there's a critic of diſtinguiſh'd rage,
If there's a ſenior who contemns this age,
Let him to-night his juſt aſſiſtance lend,
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's, friend.

MACER,

A CHARACTER.

WHEN ſimple Macer, now of high renown,
Firſt ſought a poet's fortune in the Town,
'Twas all th' ambition his high ſoul could feel
To wear red ſtockings, and to dine with Steele:
Some ends of verſe his betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
Set up with theſe he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.

There

There he ſtop'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the moſt of little;
Like ſtunted hide-bound trees, that juſt have got
ſufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So ſome coarſe country-wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to Town, and firſt turns chambermaid;
Awkward and ſupple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wond'rous honeſt, tho' of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her ſimplicity:
In a tranſlated ſuit then tries the Town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
But juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan:
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with punk.

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid! o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions:
Nature muſt give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon' flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth!
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV. Cynthia!

IV.

Cynthia! tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Diſcretion! ſtring the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers:
Bright Apollo! lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto! king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypreſs, verdant Willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Mæander
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to Fate.

On a certain Lady at Court.

I KNOW the thing that's moſt uncommon;
(Envy be ſilent and attend!)
I know a reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by paſſion, aw'd by rumour,
Not grave thro' pride, nor gay thro' folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And ſenſible ſoft melancholy.

" Has

" Has ſhe not faults then, (Envy ſays,) Sir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver;
When all the world conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his Grotto at Twickenham, compoſed of Marbles, Spars, Gems, Ores, and Minerals.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop where Thames' tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the ſhady cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs diſtil,
And pointed cryſtals break the ſparkling rill;
Unpoliſh'd gems no ray on pride beſtow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great Nature ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the mine without a wiſh for gold.
Approach; but awful! lo! th' Ægerian Grot,
Where nobly penſive, St. John ſat and thought,
Where Britiſh ſighs from dying Wyndham ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' Marchmont's ſoul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred floor,
Who dare to love their country and be poor.

On receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady Frances Shirley a Standiſh and two Pens.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms!
" And take," ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene,
" Take at this hand celeſtial arms:

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance ſhall guard deſert,
" And if a vice dares keep the field,
" This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky,
And dipp'd them in the ſable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

" What

"What well? what weapon?" Flavia cries,
"A ſtandiſh, ſteel, and golden pen!
"It came from Bertrand's, not the ſkies;
"I gave it you to write agen.

"But, Friend! take heed whom you attack;
"You'll bring a Houſe (I mean of Peers)
"Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
"L— and all about your ears.

"You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
"And run on ivory ſo glib,
"As not to ſtick at fool or aſs,
"Nor ſtop at flattery or fib.

"Athenian Queen! and ſober charms!
"I tell ye, fool! there's nothing in't:
"'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms;
"In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print.

"Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
"That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
"I'll liſt you in the harmleſs roll
"Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

EPITAPHS.

I. *On Charles Earl of Dorſet, in the Church of Witham, in Suſſex.*

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere! *Virg.*

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muſe's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd;
The ſcourge of pride, tho' ſanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in ſtate;
Yet ſoft his nature, tho' ſevere his lay,
His anger moral, and his wiſdom gay.
Bleſs'd Satiriſt! who touch'd the mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſs'd Courtier! who could king and country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his friendſhips and his eaſe.
Bleſs'd Peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhurſts, other Dorſets, ſhine,
And patriots ſtill, or poets, deck the line.

II. *On Sir William Trumball, one of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III. who, having reſigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Eaſtham-ſtead in Berkſhire,* 1716.

A PLEASING form, a firm yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt courtier, yet a patriot too,
Juſt to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the ſenſe of age, the fire of youth,
A ſcorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from ſuperſtition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III. *On*

III. *On the Hon. Simon Harcourt, only Son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordſhire,* 1720.

To this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend moſt lov'd, the ſon moſt dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is reaſon, eloquence how weak!
If Pope muſt tell what Harcourt cannot ſpeak.
Oh! let thy once lov'd friend inſcribe thy ſtone,
And with a father's ſorrows mix his own!

IV. *On James Craggs, Eſq. in Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

JACOBUS CRAGGS
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET
DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. M,DCC,XX.

Stateſman, yet friend to truth! of ſoul ſincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

V. *Intended for Mr. Rowe in Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

Thy reliques, Rowe! to this fair urn we truſt,
And ſacred, place by Dryden's awful duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſs'd in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

VI. *On Mrs. Corbet, who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt.*

HERE reſts a woman, good without pretence,
Bleſs'd with plain reaſon and with ſober ſenſe:
No conqueſt ſhe but o'er herſelf deſir'd,
No arts eſſay'd but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind,
So firm yet ſoft, ſo ſtrong yet ſo refin'd,
Heaven, as its pureſt gold, by tortures try'd,
The ſaint ſuſtain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

VII. *On the Monument of the Hon. Robert Digby, and of his ſiſter Mary, erected by their Father the Lord Digby, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorſetſhire, 1727.*

GO! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom and pacific truth:
Compos'd in ſuff'rings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great:
Juſt of thy word, in ev'ry thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human-kind!
Go live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou, bleſs'd maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take theſe tears, mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys forgive our grief:
Theſe little rites, a ſtone, a verſe, receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give!

VIII. *On*

VIII. *On Sir Godfrey Kneller, in Weſtminſter-Abbey*, 1723.

KNELLER by Heav'n, and not a maſter, taught,
Whoſe art was Nature, and whoſe pictures thought;
Now for two ages having ſnatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirſt of praiſe.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herſelf may die.

IX. *On General Henry Withers in Weſtminſter-Abbey*, 1729.

HERE, Withers! reſt; thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind.
Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O ſoft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
Withers! adieu; yet not with thee remove
Thy martial ſpirit or thy ſocial love!
Amidſt corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave ſome ancient virtues to our age;
Nor let us ſay (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

X. *On Mr. Elijah Fenton, at Eaſthamſted, in Berks*, 1730.

THIS modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt man;
A poet bleſs'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praiſe, and friend to learned eaſe,
Content with ſcience in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI. *On Mr. Gay in Weſtminſter-Abbey*, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, ſimplicity a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above temptation in a low eſtate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
A ſafe companion, and an eaſy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.
Theſe are thy honours! not that here thy buſt
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy duſt;
But that the worthy and the good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—Here lies Gay.

XII. *Intended for Sir Iſaac Newton, in Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc Marmor Fatetur.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God ſaid, Let Newton be! and all was light.

XIII. *On Dr. Francis Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter, who died in exile at Paris*, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after ſhe arrived in France to ſee him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

Yes, we have liv'd—One pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy heart.
Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
Till you are duſt like me.

HE.

Dear ſhade! I will:
Then mix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs ghoſt!
O more than fortune, friends, or country loſt!
Is there on earth one care, one wiſh beſide?
Yes—Save my country, Heav'n—He ſaid, and dy'd.

XIV. *On*

XIV. *On Edmund Duke of Buckingham, who died in the nineteenth year of his age, 1735.*

If modeſt youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a parent's juſteſt pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a ſinking ſtate,
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy tear,
Or ſadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had ſhone approv'd!
The ſenate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet ſofter honours and leſs noiſy fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle Buckingham,
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And chiefs or ſages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the laſt tribute of a ſaint to Heav'n.

XV. *For one who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

Heroes and kings! your diſtance keep;
In peace let one poor poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

XVI. *Another on the ſame.*

Under this marble, or under this fill,
Or under this turf, or ev'n what they will,
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not, a pin
What they ſaid, or may ſay, of the mortal within;
But who, living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in God that as well as he was he ſhall be.

THE

DUNCIAD.

BY

ALEXANDER POPE.

FROM THE

TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH

ADVERTISEMENTS,
PREFACES,
LETTERS,

INDEX OF PERSONS,
INDEX OF MATTERS,
PARALLELS,

&c. &c. &c.

THE DUNCIAD.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER.

Occaſioned by the firſt correct Edition of

THE DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleaſure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many ſurreptitious ones have rendered ſo neceſſary; and it is yet with more that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary; a work ſo requiſite, that I cannot think the Author himſelf would have ommitted it, had he approved of the firſt appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith ſend you: you will oblige me by inſerting them amongſt thoſe which are, or will be, tranſmitted to you by others; ſince not only the Author's friends, but even ſtrangers, appear engaged, by humanity, to take ſome care of an Orphan of ſo much genius and ſpirit, which its Parent ſeems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and ſuffered to ſtep into the world, naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading ſome of the abuſive papers lately publiſhed, that my great regard to a perſon whoſe friendſhip I eſteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater reſpect to truth than to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries of which the encloſed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived that moſt of theſe authors had been (doubtleſs very wiſely) the firſt aggreſſors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: no body was either concerned or ſurpriſed if this or that ſcribbler was proved a dunce, but every one was curious to read what could be ſaid to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay ſomething for ſuch a diſcovery; a ſtratagem which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but ſcreen them from the reſentment of their lawful ſuperiors, whom they daily abuſe, only (as I charitably

ritably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill ſucceſs in that had tranſported them to perſonal abuſe either of himſelf, or (what I think he could leſs forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leiſure or inclination to call them bad writers; and ſome of them had been ſuch old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their perſons, as well as their ſlanders, till they were pleaſed to revive them.

Now, what had Mr. Pope done before to incenſe them? He had publiſhed thoſe Works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the leaſt mention is made of any of them. And what has he done ſince? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that ſaid of them? A very ſerious truth, which the Public had ſaid before, that they were dull; and what it had no ſooner ſaid, but they themſelves were at great pains to procure, or even purchaſe, room in the prints to teſtify under their hands to the truth of it.

I ſhould ſtill have been ſilent, if either I had ſeen any inclination in my friend to be ſerious with ſuch accuſers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; ſince whoever publiſhes puts himſelf on his trial by his country: but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can ſecure the moſt innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accuſation with the juſt and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuſers, I mean by authors without names; then I thought, ſince the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be ſo; and that it was an act of juſtice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the ſame who, for ſeveral years paſt, have made free with the greateſt names in Church and State, expoſing to the world the private misfortunes of families, abuſed all, even to women, and whoſe proſtituted papers (for one or other

other party in the unhappy diviſions of their country) have inſulted the fallen, the friendleſs, the exiled, and the dead.

Beſides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confeſſed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and eſteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings, (which we ever thought the leaſt valuable part of his character,) but the honeſt, open, and beneficent man, that we moſt eſteemed and loved in him. Now, if what theſe people ſay were believed, I muſt appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either impoſed on myſelf, or impoſing on them; ſo that I am as much intereſted in the confutation of theſe calumnies as he is himſelf.

I am no author, and conſequently not to be ſuſpected either of jealouſy or reſentment againſt any of the men, of whom ſcarce one is known to me by ſight; and as for their writings, I have ſought them (on this one occaſion) in vain, in the cloſets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had ſtill been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I ſuppoſe from ſome of themſelves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the paſſages I ſend you. I ſolemnly proteſt I have added nothing to the malice or abſurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, ſince the vouchers themſelves will be ſo ſoon and ſo irrecoverably loſt. You may, in ſome meaſure, prevent it, by preſerving at leaſt their titles,* and diſcovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The firſt objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the perſons are too *obſcure* for ſatire. The perſons themſelves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the ſatire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a ſerious anſwer, were not all aſſaſſinates, popular inſurrections, the inſolence of the rabble without doors, and of domeſtics within, moſt wrongfully chaſtiſed, if the meanneſs of offenders indemnified them from

* Which we have done in a Liſt hereto ſubjoined

from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey for lesser crimes than defamation, (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there,) but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood; but poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings, must poverty make nonsense sacred? if so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the Public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule?

But whether bread or fame be their end, it muſt be allowed our Author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three who, by their rank and fortune, have no benefit from the former objections, ſuppoſing them good, and theſe I was ſorry to ſee in ſuch company: but if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his intereſt and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot, certainly, after they have been content to print themſelves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who ſay ſo, ſince nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot perſuade myſelf, when I conſider the conſtant and eternal averſion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly aſk, if it lays him under a perſonal obligation? At that rate he would be the moſt obliged humble ſervant in the world. I dare ſwear for theſe in particular, he never deſired them to be his admirers, nor promiſed, in return, to be theirs: that had truly been a ſign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have ſuſpected ſuch an approbation of ſome motive worſe than ignorance, in the Author of the Eſſay on Criticiſm? Be it as it will, the reaſons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally ſubſiſting, for his works and theirs are the very ſame that they were.

One, therefore, of their aſſertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be ſooner allowed by himſelf than by any good judge beſide, "That his own have found too much ſucceſs with the "Public." But as it cannot conſiſt with his modeſty to claim this as a juſtice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the Public, to defend its own judgment.

There

There remains what, in my opinion, might ſeem a better plea for theſe people than any they have made uſe of. If *obſcurity* or *poverty* were to exempt a man from ſatire, much more ſhould *folly* or *dullneſs*, which are ſtill more involuntary; nay, as much ſo as perſonal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man ſets up for being handſome; and ſo much dullneſs, when he ſets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed becauſe ridicule in itſelf is, or ought to be, a pleaſure; but becauſe it is juſt to undeceive and vindicate the honeſt and unpretending part of mankind from impoſition; becauſe particular intereſt ought to yield to general, and a great number, who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made ſo, in complaiſance to thoſe who are. Accordingly we find that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever ſo poor, or ever ſo dull, have been conſtantly the topics of the moſt candid ſatiriſts, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greateſt poet and moſt judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet, perhaps, more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the reſemblance betwixt him and our Author in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the diſtinctions ſhewn them by their ſuperiors, in the general eſteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongſt foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his tranſlators perſons of the moſt eminent rank and abilities in their reſpective nations.* But the reſemblance

* Eſſay on Criticiſm, in French verſe, by General Hamilton; the ſame, in verſe alſo, by Monſieur Roboton, counſellor and privy ſecretary to King George I. after by the Abbe Reynel, in verſe, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princeſs of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verſe by the Abbe Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Eſſays and Diſſertations on Homer, ſeveral times tranſlated into French. Eſſay on Man, by the Abbe Reynel, in verſe: by Monſieur Silhouet, in proſe, 1737; and ſince by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

holds in nothing more than in their being equally abuſed by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the leaſt memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almoſt all his poems, our Author has only in this. I dare anſwer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had ſlandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from cenſuring obſcure and worthleſs perſons; for ſcarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is ſo remarkable, I hope it will continue to the laſt; and if ever he ſhould give us an edition of this Poem himſelf, I may ſee ſome of them treated as gently, on their repentance and better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at laſt by Boileau.

In one point I muſt be allowed to think the character of our Engliſh poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or ſucceſs; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without penſions, from whom, as he aſked, ſo he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his Satires were the more juſt for being delayed, ſo were his Panegyrics; beſtowed only on ſuch perſons as he had familiarly known, only for ſuch virtues as he had long obſerved in them, and only at ſuch times as others ceaſe to praiſe, if not begin to calumniate them—I mean when out of power, or out of faſhion.* A ſatire, therefore, on writers ſo notorious for the contrary practice, became no man ſo well as himſelf; as none, it is plain, was ſo little in their friendſhips, or ſo much in that of thoſe whom they had moſt abuſed, namely, the greateſt and beſt of all parties. Let me add a further reaſon, that, though engaged in their friendſhips, he never eſpouſed their animoſities;

* As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed againſt his book of Poems; Mr. Walſh, after his death; Sir William Trumball, when he had reſigned the office of ſecretary of ſtate; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his laſt decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the Southſea year, and after his death: others only in Epitaphs.

animoſities; and can almoſt ſingly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man which, through guilt, through ſhame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of intereſts, he was ever unwilling to own.

I ſhall conclude with remarking, what a pleaſure it muſt be to every reader of humanity to ſee all along, that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only puniſhing that of others. As to his Poem, thoſe alone are capable of doing it juſtice who, to uſe the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his ſubject and his manner) *vetuſtis dare novitatem, obſoletis nitorem, obſcuris lucem, faſtiditis gratiam.*

I am your moſt humble ſervant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND.*

* This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the univerſity of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He ſerved in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commiſſioners of the cuſtoms in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which having ſhewn himſelf for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other aſſiſtance of fortune,) he was ſuddenly diſplaced by the miniſter, in the ſixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a perſon of univerſal learning, and an enlarged converſation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a ſincerer attachment to the conſtitution of his country. And yet, for all this, the Public would never believe him to be the Author of this Letter.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE DUNCIAD.

WITH THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, *Remarks on Pr. Arthur.*

I CANNOT but think it the moſt reaſonable thing in the world to diſtinguiſh good writers, by diſcouraging the bad: nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very perſons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the ſooner of a ſhort profit and a tranſitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are ſo very unfit, and to have recourſe to ſomething in which they may be more ſucceſsful.

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

The Perſons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the moſt part authors, and moſt of thoſe authors poets: and the cenſures he hath paſſed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, *Pref. to his New Rehearſal.*

It is the common cry of the poetaſters of the Town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expoſe the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magiſtrates may with full as good reaſon be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution againſt a thief or impoſtor.—The ſame will hold in the Republic of Letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to ſcribbling paſs on the world.

THEOBALD, *Letter to* MIST, *June* 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled either againſt failures in genius, or againſt the pretenſions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, *Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.*

A Satire upon dulneſs is a thing that has been uſed and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS
CONCERNING OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we preſent thee with our Exercitations on this moſt delectable Poem, (drawn from the many volumes of our *adverſaria* on modern Authors,) we ſhall here, according to the laudable uſage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our Poet; various, indeed, not only of different authors, but of the ſame author at different ſeaſons. Nor ſhall we gather only the Teſtimonies of ſuch eminent wits as would of courſe deſcend to poſterity, and conſequently be read without our collection; but we ſhall likewiſe, with incredible labour, ſeek out for divers others which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the diſtance of a few months, appear to the eye of the moſt curious. Hereby thou mayſt not only receive the delectation of variety, but alſo arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumſpect compariſon of the witneſſes with each other, or of each with himſelf. Hence, alſo, thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the perſon as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our Author: in which, if I relate ſome things of little concern, peradventure, to thee, and ſome of as little even to him, I intreat thee to conſider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to inſiſt upon ſuch, and how material they ſeem to themſelves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle Reader, if (following learned example) I, ever and anon, become tedious; allow me to take the ſame pains to find whether my Author were good or bad, well or ill-natur'd, modeſt or arrogant, as another, whether his author was fair or brown, ſhort or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a caſſock.

We purpoſed to begin with his life, parentage, and education; but as to theſe even his contemporaries

do

do exceedingly differ. One ſaith * he was educated at home; another †, that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jeſuits; a third ‡, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth ‖, that he had no univerſity education at all. Thoſe who allow him to be bred at home differ as much concerning his tutor: one ſaith § he was kept by his father on purpoſe; a ſecond * *, that he was an itinerant prieſt; a third † †, that he was a parſon: one ‡ ‡ calleth him a ſecular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another ‖ ‖, a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom ⸸ one ſuppoſeth, like the father of Heſiod, a tradeſman or merchant; another †, a huſbandman; another ‡, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet ſuch a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblicus to Pathagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a dæmon: for thus Mr. Gildon ‖; "Certain it is that his origi-"nal is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he "wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact "reſemblance of his infernal father." Finding, therefore, ſuch contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this ſort of generation) not being fond to enter into controverſy, we ſhall defer writing the Life of our Poet till authors can determine among themſelves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works; though not leſs uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Eſſay on Criticiſm, of which hear firſt the moſt ancient of critics, MR.

* Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. II. in his life. † Dennis's Reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 4. ‡ Dunciad Diſſected, p. 4. ‖ Guardian, No. 40. § Jacob's Lives &c. vol. II. * * Dunciad Diſſected, p. 4. † † Farmer P. and his ſon. ‡ ‡ Dunciad Diſſected. ‖ ‖ Characters of the Times, p. 45. ⸸ Female Dunciad, p. ult. † Dunciad Diſſected. ‡ Roome, Paraphraſe on the 4th of Geneſis, printed 1729. ‖ Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad, (firſt edit. ſaid to be printed for A Dodd,) in the tenth page, declared Gildon to be the author of that libel; though in the ſubſequent editions of his Key he left out this aſſertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

" His precepts are falſe or trivial, or both; his " thoughts are crude and abortive; his expreſſions " abſurd, his numbers harſh and unmuſical, his " rhymes trivial and common.—Inſtead of majeſty, " we have ſomething that is very mean; inſtead of " gravity, ſomething that is very boyiſh; and inſtead " of perſpicuity and lucid order, we have but too of- " ten obſcurity and confuſion." And in another place; " What rare Numbers are here! Would not " one ſwear that this youngſter had eſpouſed ſome an- " tiquated Muſe, who had ſued out a divorce from " ſome ſuperannuated ſinner, upon account of impo- " tence, and who being poxed by her former ſpouſe, " has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes " her hobble ſo damnably *?"

No leſs peremptory is the cenſure of our hypercritical hiſtorian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

" I dare not ſay any thing of the Eſſay on Criti- " ciſm in verſe; but if any more curious reader has " diſcovered in it ſomething *new*, which is not in " Dryden's Prefaces, Dedications, and his Eſſay on " Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French critics, " I ſhould be very glad to have the benefit of the diſ- " covery †."

He is followed (as in fame, ſo in judgment) by the modeſt and ſimple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED,

who, out of great reſpect to our Poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his Eſſay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticiſms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth ‡: " As " to the numerous treatiſes, eſſays, arts, &c. both in

* Reflections Critical and Satirical on a Rhapſody called, An Eſſay on Criticiſm, printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

† Eſſay on Criticiſm in proſe, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical Hiſtory of England.

‡ Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

" verſe and proſe, that have been written by the Moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney " the ſame thoughts over again, making them ſtill " more trite. Moſt of their pieces are nothing but a " pert, inſipid heap of common place. Horace has, " even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out ſeveral things " which plainly ſhew he thought an Art of Poetry " was of no uſe, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities we can only oppoſe that of

MR. ADDISON.

" * The Art of Criticiſm, " ſaith he, " which " was publiſhed ſome months ſince, is a maſterpiece " in its kind, The obſervations follow one another " like thoſe in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that " methodical regularity which would have been re- " quiſite in a proſe writer. They are ſome of them " *uncommon*, but ſuch as the reader muſt aſſent to, " when he ſees them explained with that eaſe and per- " ſpicuity in which they are delivered. As for thoſe " which are the moſt known, and the moſt received, " they are placed in ſo beautiful a light, and illuſtra- " ted with ſuch apt alluſions, that they have in them " all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, " who was before acquainted with them, ſtill more " convinced of their truth and ſolidity. And here " give me leave to mention what Monſ. Boileau has " ſo well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works; " that wit and fine writing doth not conſiſt ſo much " in advancing things that are new, as in giving " things that are known an agreeable turn. It is im- " poſſible for us, who live in the latter ages of the " world, to make obſervations in criticiſm, morality, " or any art or ſcience, which have not been touched " upon by others; we have litle elſe left us but to re- " preſent the common ſenſe of mankind in more ſtrong, " more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a rea- " der examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find

* Spectator, No. 253.

" but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in " Ariſtotle, and which were not commonly known " by all the poets of the Auguſtan age. His way of " expreſſing and applying them, not his invention of " them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

" Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the " ſame kind of ſublime which he obſerves in the ſeve- " ral paſſages that occaſioned them. I cannot but " take notice that our Engliſh Author has, after the " the ſame manner, exemplified ſeveral of the precepts " in the very precepts themſelves." He then produces ſome inſtances of a particular beauty in the Numbers, and concludes with ſaying, that, " There are three " poems in our tongue of the ſame nature, and each " a maſter-piece in its kind; the Eſſay on Tranſla- " ted Verſe, the Eſſay on the Art of Poetry, and the " Eſſay on Criticiſm."

Of Windſor Foreſt poſitive is the judgment of affirmative.

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

" * That it is a wretched rhapſody, impudently " writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir " John Denham: the author of it is obſcure, is " ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barba- " rous."

But the author of the Diſpenſary,

DR. GARTH,

in the Preface to his poem of Claremont †, differs from this opinion: " Thoſe who have ſeen theſe two " excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windſor Fo- " reſt, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other " by Mr. Pope, will ſhew a great deal of candour if " they approve of this."

Of the Epiſtle of Eloiſa, we are told by the obſcure writer of a poem called Sawney, " That be- " cauſe a Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the fineſt " taſtes, our Author writ his Eloiſe in oppoſition to " it, but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take

* Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.
† Printed 1728, p. 12.

" away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, " all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and garden by the Thames: " All this is very " fine; but take away the river, and it is good for " nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying, in his Alma *,

" O Abelard! Ill fated youth,
" Thy tale will justify this truth:
" But well I weet thy cruel wrong
" Adorns a nobler poet's song:
" Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
" With kind concern and skill has weav'd
" A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
" Its colours: gently has he laid
" The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
" And Venus shall the texture bless," &c.

Come we now to his Translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens; yet it shall suffice to mention the indefatigable.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KT.

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our Author) yet styleth this " A laudable Translation †." That ready writer,

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his fore-mentioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it ‡: " The spirit of Homer breathes all " through this Translation.—I am in doubt whether I " should most admire the justness to the Original, or " the force and beauty of the Language, or the sound- " ing variety of the Numbers; but when I find all " these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says " of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and slung " with ease a weighty stone that two common men " could not lift from the ground; just so one single

* Alma, canto 2.
† In his Essays, vol. I. printed for E. Curl.
‡ Censor, Vol. II. No. 33.

" perſon has performed, in this Tranſlation, what I " once deſpaired to have ſeen done by the force of ſe- " veral maſterly hands." Indeed the ſame gentleman appears to have changed his ſentiment in his ESSAY on the Art of Sinking in Reputation, (printed in MIST's JOURNAL, March 30, 1728,) where he ſays thus: " In order to ſink in reputation, let him take it into " his head to deſcend into Homer, (let the world won- " der, as it will, how the devil he got there,) and pre- " tend to do him into Engliſh, ſo his verſion denotes " his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8,

" That this Tranſlation of the Iliad was not in all " reſpects conformable to the fine taſte of his friend " Mr. Addiſon; inſomuch that he employed a " younger Muſe in an undertaking of this kind, which " he ſuperviſed himſelf." Whether Mr. Addiſon did find it conformable to his taſte or not, beſt appears from his own teſtimony the year following its publication, in theſe words:

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, No. 40.

" When I conſider myſelf as a Britiſh freeholder, I " am in a particular manner pleaſed with the labours " of thoſe who have improved our language with the " tranſlations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We " have already moſt of their hiſtorians in our own " tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our " language, it hath been taught to expreſs with ele- " gance the greateſt of their poets in each nation. " The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn " to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the moſt perfect " epic performance; and thoſe parts of Homer which " have been publiſhed already by Mr. Pope, give us " reaſon to think that the Iliad will appear in Engliſh " with as little diſadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the reſt, there is a ſlight miſtake; for this younger muſe was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our Author) employed by Mr.

Addiſon to tranſlate it *after* him, ſince he ſaith himſelf that he did it *before* *. Contrariwiſe, that Mr. Addiſon engaged our Author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the Preface to the Iliad, printed ſome time before his death, and by his own letters of Octoćter 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion, that no other perſon was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakeſpeare on the ſtage: "Let "him" (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

"publiſh ſuch an author as he has leaſt ſtudied, and "forget to diſcharge even the dull duty of an editor. "In this project let him lend the bookſeller his name "(for a competent ſum of money) to promote the cre-"dit of an exorbitant ſubſcription." Gentle Reader, be pleaſed to caſt thine eye on the Propoſal below quoted, and on what follows (ſome months after the former aſſertion) in the ſame Journaliſt of June 8. "The bookſeller propoſed the book by ſubſcription, "and raiſed ſome thouſands of pounds for the ſame: "I believe the gentleman did *not* ſhare in the profits of "this extravagant ſubſcription."

"After the Iliad, he undertook (ſaith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

"the ſequel of that work, the Odyſſey; and having ſe-"cured the ſucceſs by a numerous ſubſcription, he "employed ſome *underlings* to perform what, accord-"ing to his Propoſals, ſhould come from his own "hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppoſe nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY, (printed for J. WATTS, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occaſion to declare, that the ſubſcription "for Shakeſpeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonſon: and

* Vide Preface to Mr. Tickel's Tranſlation of the Firſt Book of the Iliad, 4to.

" that the benefit of this Propoſal is not ſolely for my " own uſe, but for that of two of my friends, who " have aſſiſted me in this work." But theſe very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himſelf in another of MIST's JOURNALS, March 30, 1728, ſaying, " That he would not adviſe Mr. Pope to try the experi- " ment again of getting a great part of a book done by " aſſiſtants, leſt thoſe extraneous parts ſhould unhap- " pily aſcend to the ſublime, and retard the declenſion " of the whole:" Behold! theſe *underlings* are become good writers!

If any ſay, that before the ſaid Propoſals were printed, the ſubſcription was begun, without declaration of ſuch aſſiſtance; verily thoſe who ſet it on foot, or (as the term is) ſecured it, to wit, the right Honourable Lord Viſcount Harcourt, were he living, would teſtify, and the Right Honourable the Lord Bathurſt, now living, doth teſtify, the ſame is a falſehood.

Sorry I am that perſons profeſſing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, ſhould either falſely tax, or be falſely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citation, and proceed.

MIST's JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

" Mr. Addiſon raiſed this Author from obſcurity, " obtained him the acquaintance and friendſhip of the " whole body of our nobility, and transferred his " powerful intereſts with thoſe great men to this riſing " bard, who frequently levied, by that means, unuſual " contributions on the Public." Which ſurely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Diſſected reporteth, " Mr. Wycherly had before introduced him into " a familiar acquaintance with the greateſt peers and " brighteſt wits then living."

" No ſooner (ſaith the ſame Journaliſt) was his " body lifeleſs, but this Author, reviving his reſent- " ment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; " and, what was ſtill more heinous, made the ſcandal " public." Grievous the accuſation! unknown the accuſer! the perſon accuſed no witneſs in his ow

cauſe! the perſon, in whoſe regard accuſed, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whoſe friendſhip, yea, any one gentleman whoſe ſubſcription, Mr. Addiſon procured to our Author, let him ſtand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, ſed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole ſtory of the libel is a lie; witneſs thoſe perſons of integrity who, ſeveral years before Mr. Addiſon's deceaſe, did ſee and approve of the ſaid verſes, in no wiſe a libel, but a friendly rebuke, ſent privately, in our Author's own hand, to Mr. Addiſon himſelf, and never made public, till after their own Journals and Curl had printed the ſame. One name alone, which I am here authoriſed to declare, will ſufficiently evince the truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime, (in the opinion of ſome authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality,) to wit, Plagiariſm, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE-SMITH, Gent.

" * Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miſ-
" cellanies, I found five lines which I thought excel-
" lent; and happening to praiſe them, a gentleman
" produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) pub-
" liſhed laſt year, where were the ſame verſes to a
" tittle.

" Theſe gentlemen are undoubtedly the firſt plagia-
" ries, that pretend to make a reputation by ſtealing
" from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of
" a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the the author of the Rival Modes: the ſaid Mr. James Moore-Smith, in a letter to our Author himſelf, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, " That theſe verſes, which he
" had before given him leave to inſert in it, would be
" known for his, ſome copies being got abroad. He
" deſires, nevertheleſs, that ſince the lines had been
" read in his Comedy to ſeveral, Mr. P. would not de-
" prive it of them," *&c.* Surely if we add the teſti-

* Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

monies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the ſaid verſes were originally addreſſed, of Hugh Bethel, Eſq. and others, who knew them as our Author's, long before the ſaid gentleman compoſed his play, it is hoped the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the ſuffrage of ſuch honourable perſonages.

And yet followeth another charge, inſinuating no leſs than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the ſaid

MR. JAMES MOORE-SMITH.

"* The Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk was a very dull "and unjuſt abuſe of a perſon who wrote in defence "of our religion and conſtitution, and who has been "dead many years." This ſeemeth alſo moſt untrue, it being known to divers that theſe Memoirs were written at the ſeat of the Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordſhire, before that excellent perſon's (Biſhop Burnet) death, and many years before the appearance of that hiſtory of which they are pretended to be an abuſe. Moſt true it is that Mr. Moore had ſuch a deſign, and was himſelf the man who preſſed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to aſſiſt him therein; and that he borrowed thoſe Memoirs of our Author, when that hiſtory came forth, with intent to turn them to ſuch abuſe: but being able to obtain from our Author but one ſingle hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himſelf to keep the ſaid Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble perſon there is into whoſe company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the converſation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "Contempt he had for the work of that reverend pre-"late, and how full he was of a deſign he declared himſelf to have of expoſing it." This noble perſon is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here, in truth, ſhould we crave pardon of all the aforeſaid Right Honourable and worthy perſonages,

* Daily Journal, April, 3, 1728.

for having mentioned them in the ſame page with ſuch weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the ſame! and that they are introduced not as witneſſes in the controverſy, but as witneſſes that cannot be controverted; not to diſpute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two claſſes, of ſuch who were acquaintance, and of ſuch who were were ſtrangers, to our Author, the former are thoſe who ſpeak well, and the other thoſe who ſpeak evil of him. Of the firſt claſs the moſt noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

ſums up his character in theſe lines:

" * And yet ſo wondrous, ſo ſublime a thing,
" As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing,
" Unleſs I juſtly could at once commend
" A good companion, and as firm a friend.
" One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
" Can all deſert in ſciences exceed."

So alſo is he deciphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

" † Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuſe,
" What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muſe?
" Though each great ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
" Though every laurel through the dome be thine---
" Go to the good and juſt, an awful train:
" Thy ſoul's delight.------"

Recorded in like manner, for his virtuous diſpoſition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apoſtrophe:

" ‡ O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praiſe!
" Bleſt in thy life, and bleſt in all thy lays,
" Add, that the ſifters ev'ry thought refine,
" And even thy life be faultleſs as thy line;
" Yet Envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
" Obſcures the virtue, and defames the muſe.
" A ſoul like thine, in pain, in grief, reſign'd,
" Views with juſt ſcorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral ſatiriſt

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wiſhing ſome check to the corruption and evil manners

* Verſes to Mr. P. on his Tranſlation of Homer.
† Poem prefixed to his Works.
‡ In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.

of the times, calleth out upon our Poet to undertake a taſk ſo worthy of his virtue:

" * Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the Muſes' train,
" Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?"

MR. MALLET,

in his Epiſtle on Verbal Criticiſm:

" Whoſe life, ſeverely ſcan'd, tranſcends his laye;
" For wit, ſupreme is but his ſecond praiſe."

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

" Now fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
" In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
" And trace the Author through his moral page,
" Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong."

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philoſophical poem of the Seaſons:

" Although not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
" Yet is his life the more endearing ſong."

To the ſame tune alſo ſingeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME,

" † Thus nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
" From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws."

And, to cloſe all, hear the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

" A ſoul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
" By patriots, prieſts, and poets taught:
" Whoſe filial piety excels
" Whatever Grecian ſtory tells.
" A genius for each buſineſs fit,
" Whoſe meaneſt talent is his wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other ſide, and ſhewing his Character drawn by thoſe with whom he never converſed, and whoſe countenances he could not know, though turned againſt him: firſt again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough-quoted MR.

* Univerſal Paſſion, Sat. I.
† In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyſſey.

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

who, in his Reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, thus deſcribeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has "nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friend-"ſhip, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He "is ſo great a lover of falſehood, that whenever he has "a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands "them with ſome defect which is juſt contrary to ſome "good quality for which all their friends and their "acquaintance commend them. He ſeems to have a "particular pique to people of quality, and authors "of that rank. He muſt derive his religion from St. "Omer's."—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716,) he ſaith, "Though he is a profeſſor of the worſt religion, yet "he laughs at it; but that, nevertheleſs, he is a "virulent Papiſt; and yet a pillar for the Church of "England." Of both which opinions.

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

ſeems alſo to be; declaring, in MIST'S JOURNAL of June 22, 1718, "That, if he is not ſhrewdly abuſed, "he made it his buſineſs to cackle to both parties in "their own ſentiments." But as to his pique againſt people of quality, the ſame Journaliſt doth not agree, but ſaith, (May 8, 1728,) "He had, by ſome means or "other, the acquaintance and friendſhip of the whole "body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character laſt cited, make it all plain, by aſſuring us, "That he is a creature that re-"conciles all contradictions: he is a beaſt, and a "man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and "the ſame time) of Guardians and Examiners*: an "aſſerter of liberty, and of the diſpenſing power of "kings; a Jeſuitical profeſſor of truth; a baſe and a "foul pretender to candour." So that upon the whole account, we muſt conclude him either to have been a

* The names of two weekly papers.

great hypocrite, or a very honeſt man; a terrible impoſer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader ſhall ſeem good. Sure it is he is little favoured of certain authors whoſe wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price ſet on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beaſt *: another proteſts that he does not know what may happen; adviſes him to inſure his perſon; ſays he has bitter enemies, and expreſsly declares it will be well if he eſcapes with his life †. One deſires he would cut his own throat, or hang himſelf ‡. But Paſquin ſeemed rather inclined it ſhould be done by the government, repreſenting him engaged in grievous deſigns with a Lord of Parliament then under proſecution ‖. Mr. Dennis himſelf hath written to a miniſter, that he is one of the moſt dangerous perſons in this kingdom **; and aſſureth the Public that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monſter that will, one day, ſhew as daring a ſoul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the firſt Chriſtian he meets ††. Another gives information of treaſon diſcovered in his Poem ‡‡. Mr. Curl boldly ſupplies an imperfect verſe with kings and princeſſes *! and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publiſhes, at length, the two moſt ſacred names in this nation as members of the Dunciad †!

This is prodigious! yet it is almoſt as ſtrange that, in the midſt of theſe invectives, his greateſt enemies have (I know not how) borne teſtimony to ſome merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in cenſuring his Shakeſpeare, declares, "He has ſo "great an eſteem for Mr. Pope, and ſo high an opinion

* Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22d, 1728.
† Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16.
‡ Gulliveriana, p. 332. ‖ Anno 1723. ** Anno 1729.
†† Preface to Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the laſt page of that treatiſe.
‡‡ Page 6, 7, of the preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, Verſes, and Advertiſements, occaſioned by Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1714.
* Key to the Dunciad, 3d edition, p. 18.
† A Liſt of Perſons, &c. at the end of the fore-mentioned Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, &c.

" of his genius and excellencies, that, notwithſtanding " he profeſſes a veneration almoſt riſing to idolatry " for the writings of this inimitable Poet, he would " be very loath even to do him juſtice at the expence " of that other gentleman's character *."

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at laſt came to wiſh from his heart, " That Mr. Pope " would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epiſtles " by his hand; for it is certain we ſee the original of " Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeneſs " in his verſion than in that of Sir Car Scrope. And " this (he adds) is the more to be wiſhed, becauſe in " the Engliſh tongue we have ſcarce any thing truly " and naturally written upon Love †." He alſo, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challenges him to anſwer what Mr. Pope hath ſaid in his preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great maſter of our tongue; declares " The " purity and perfection of the Engliſh language to be " found in his Homer; and, ſaying there are more " good verſes in Dryden's Virgil than in any other " work, excepts this of our Author only ‡."

The Author of a Letter to Mr. Cibber

ſays ‖, " Pope was ſo good a verſifier [*once*] that his " predeceſſor, Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary, " Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers *is* " equal to any body's; and that he *had* all the merit " that a man can have that way." And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemiſhing our Author's Homer, crieth out,

" But

* Introduction to Shakeſpeare Reſtored, in quarto, p. 3.

† Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Eſſay, 8vo. 1721, p. 97, 98.

‡ In his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm.

‖ Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

" But in his other works what beauties ſhine,
" While ſweeteſt muſic dwells in ev'ry line!
" Theſe he admir'd, on theſe he ſtamp'd his praiſe,
" And bade them live to brighten future days *."

So alſo one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verſes to Duncan Campbell, in that poem †, which is wholly a ſatire on Mr. Pope, confeſſeth,

" 'Tis true, if fineſt notes alone could ſhow
" (Tun'd juſtly high, or regularly low)
" That we ſhould fame to theſe mere vocals give;
" Pope more than we can offer ſhould receive:
" For when ſome gliding river is his theme,
" His lines run ſmoother than the ſmootheſt ſtream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he ſays, " The ſmooth numbers of the " Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any " other merit;" yet that ſame paper hath theſe words: " The Author is allowed to be a perfect maſter of an " eſſay and elegant verſification. In all his works we " find the moſt happy turns, and natural ſimilies, " wonderfully ſhort, and thick ſown."

The Eſſay on the Dunciad alſo owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be ſaid on this Poem, is beſtowed by our Laureat,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who " grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than " ever was writ:" but adds, " it was a victory over " a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almoſt " cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well tri- " umph for having killed ſo many ſilly flies that of- " fended him. Could he have let them alone, by this " time, poor ſouls! they had all been buried in obli- " vion ‡." Here we ſee our excellent Laureat allows the juſtice of the ſatire on every man in it but himſelf, as the great Mr. Dennis did before him. The

* Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.
† Printed under the title of The Progreſs of Duneſs, duodecimo, 1728.
‡ Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9. 12.

The ſaid

MR. DENNIS AND MR. GILDON,

in the moſt furious of all their works, (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert * confeſs, "That "ſome men of good underſtanding value him for his "rhymes." And (p. 17.) "That he has got, like "Mr. Bayes in the Rehearſal, (that is, like Mr. Dry-"den,) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing "ſmooth verſe."

Of his Eſſay on Man numerous were the praiſes beſtowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the ſame was not written by him, as it was printed anonymouſly.

Thus ſang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auſpicious Bard! while all admire thy ſtrain,
"All but the ſelfiſh, ignorant, and vain;
"I, whom no bribe to ſervile flatt'ry drew,
"Muſt pay the tribute to thy merit due:
"Thy muſe ſublime, ſignificant, and clear,
"Alike informs thy ſoul, and charms the ear."

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote † to the unknown Author, on the firſt publication of the ſaid Eſſay; "I muſt own, after the re-"ception which the vileſt and moſt immoral ribaldry "hath lately met with, I was ſurpriſed to ſee what I

* *In concert.*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our miſtake in this place: "As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon "the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote ſo much as one "line in concert with any one man whatſoever. And theſe two lettters "from Gildon will plainly ſhew that we are not writers in concert with "each other.

"Sir,

"---The height of my ambition is to pleaſe men of the beſt judgment; "and finding that I have entertained my maſter agreeably, I have the "extent of the reward of my labour."

"Sir,

"I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent Pamphlet till "this day. I am infinitely ſatisfied and pleaſed with it, and hope you "will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance de-"ſerves, &c. Ch. Gildon."

"Now is it not plain that any one who ſend ſuch compliments to ano-"ther, has not been uſed to write in partnerſhip with him to whom he "ſends them?" Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himſelf.

† In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

"had long deſpaired, a performance deſerving the "name of a Poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, "indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have "been publiſhed in an age and country more worthy "of it. If my teſtimony be of weight any where, you "are ſure to have it in the ampleſt manner," *&c. &c.*

Thus we ſee every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his moſt inveterate enemies; and to the ſucceſs of them all they do unanimouſly give teſtimony. But it is ſufficient, *inſtar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, ſorely lamenting it, even from the Eſſay on Criticiſm to this day of the Dunciad! "A moſt notorious inſtance (quoth he) of "the depravity of genius and taſte, the approbation "this Eſſay meets with *.—I can ſafely affirm, that "I never attacked any of theſe writings, unleſs they "had ſucceſs infinitely beyond their merit.—This, "though an empty, has been a popular ſcribbler. "The epidemic madneſs of the times has given him "reputation †.—If, after the cruel treatment ſo many "extraordinary men (Spenſer, Lord Bacon, Ben John-"ſon, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have re-"ceived from this country for theſe laſt hundred years, "I ſhould ſhift the ſcene, and ſhew all that penury "changed at once to riot and profuſeneſs, and more "ſquandered away upon one object than would have "ſatisfied the greater part of thoſe extraordinary men, "the reader, to whom this one creature ſhould be un-"known, would fancy him a prodigy of Art and "Nature; would believe that all the great qualities "of theſe perſons were centered in him alone. But if "I ſhould venture to aſſure him that the people of "England had made ſuch a choice—the reader would "either believe me a malicious enemy and ſlanderer, "or that the reign of the laſt (Queen Anne's) miniſtry "was deſigned by Fate to encourage fools ‡."

* Dennis, Preface to his Reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm.
† Preface to his Remarks on Homer.
‡ Remarks on Homer, p. 8. 5.

But it happens that this our Poet never had any place, penſion, or gratuity, in any ſhape, from the ſaid glorious Queen, or any of her miniſters. All he owed, in the whole courſe of his life, to any court, was a ſubſcription for his Homer of 200*l.* from King George I. and 100*l.* from the Prince and Princeſs.

However, leſt we imagine our Author's ſucceſs was conſtant and univerſal, they acquaint us of certain works in a leſs degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they aſſure us he is the writer. Of this ſort Mr. Dennis * aſcribes to him two Farces, whoſe names he does not tell, but aſſures us that there is not one jeſt in them; and an imitation of Horace, whoſe title he does not mention, but aſſures us it is much more execrable than all his works.† The Daily Journal, May 11, 1728, aſſures us, "He "is below Tom Durfey in the drama; becauſe (as "that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched, "and the Boarding-School, are better than the What-"d'ye-call it;" which is not Mr. P's. but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon aſſures us, in his New Rehearſal, p. 48, "That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane "Gray;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are aſſured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet "called Dr. Andrew Tripe‡;" which proved to be one Dr. Wagſtaff's. Mr. Theobald aſſures, in Miſt of the 27th of April, "That the Treatiſe of the Pro-"found is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the au-"thor of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and ſays, "The whole, or greateſt "part, of the merit of this treatiſe muſt and can "only be aſcribed to Gulliver§." [Here, gentle Reader! cannot I but ſmile at the ſtrange blindneſs and poſitiveneſs of men, knowing the ſaid treatiſe to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are aſſured, in Miſt of June 8, "That his own "plays and farces would better have adorned the Dun-

"ciad

* Remarks on Homer, p. 8. † Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.
‡ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6. § Gulliver, p. 336.

"ciad than thoſe of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither "genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not, it is not eaſy to judge, in as much as he had attempted neither; unleſs we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abuſed, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the ſaid Mr. Cibber thinking it impoſſible for a man to be much concerned for any but himſelf: "Now let any man judge (ſaith "he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the "child*?"

But from all that hath been ſaid, the diſcerning reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to have any candour, ſince, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modeſty, ſince, when he declined writing in any way himſelf, the preſumption of others was imputed to him. If he ſingly enterprized one great work, he was taxed of boldneſs and madneſs to a prodigy†: if he took aſſiſtants in another, it was complained of, and repreſented as a great injury to the Public‡. The loftieſt heroics, the loweſt ballads, treatiſes againſt the ſtate or church, ſatires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, ſquabbles with bookſellers, or even full and true accounts of monſters, poiſons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing ſo good, nothing ſo bad, which had not, at one or other ſeaſon, been to him aſcribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed; if it reſembled any of his ſtyles, then was it evident; if it did not, then diſguiſed he it on ſet purpoſe. Yea, even direct oppoſitions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been ſuppoſed in him inherent. Surely a moſt rare and ſingular character! of which let the reader make what he can. Doubtleſs

* Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 19.
† Burnet's Homerides, p. 1 of his tranſlation of the Iliad.
‡ The London and Miſt's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyſſey.

Doubtleſs moſt commentators would hence take occaſion to turn all to their author's advantage, and, from the teſtimony of his very enemies, would affirm, that his capacity was boundleſs as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect maſter of all ſtyles, and all arguments; and that there was in thoſe times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, ſave he himſelf. But as this is not our own ſentiment, we ſhall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle Reader, to ſteer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chooſe whether thou wilt incline to the teſtimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of thoſe who knew him, or of thoſe who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS OF THE POEM.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the moſt grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night and Dulneſs, ſo is it of the moſt grave and ancient kind. Homer (ſaith Ariſtotle) was the firſt who gave the form, and (ſaith Horace) who adapted the meaſure, to heroic poeſy. But even before this, may be rationally preſumed, from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, compoſed of like nature and matter with this of our Poet: for of epic ſort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter ſurely not unpleaſant, witneſs what is reported of it by the learned Archbiſhop Euſtathius, in Odyſſey X. And accordingly Ariſtotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further ſet forth, that as the Iliad and Odyſſey gave an example to Tragedy, ſo did this poem to Comedy its firſt idea.

From theſe authors alſo it ſhould ſeem that the Hero, or chief perſonage of it, was no leſs obſcure, and his underſtandtng and ſentiments no leſs quaint and ſtrange (if indeed not more ſo) than any of the actors of our Poem. Margites was the name of this perſonage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the firſt; and ſurely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of ſo ſpreading a tree, and ſo numerous a

poſterity,

poſterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and abſolutely a Dunciad; which though now unhappily loſt, yet is its nature ſufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforeſaid. And thus it doth appear that the firſt Dunciad was the firſt epic poem, written by Homer himſelf, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyſſey.

Now foraſmuch as our Poet hath tranſlated thoſe two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in ſome ſort his duty to imitate that alſo which was loſt; and was therefore induced to beſtow on it the ſame form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem, with a title alſo framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that ſo few of the Moderns have been ſtimulated to attempt ſome Dunciad! ſince, in the opinion of the multitude, it might coſt leſs pain and toil than an imitation of the Greater Epic. But poſſible it is alſo, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it eaſier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with juſt pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We ſhall next declare the occaſion and the cauſe which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in thoſe days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a ſcourge for the ſins of the learned) paper alſo became ſo cheap, and printers ſo numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honeſt unwriting ſubject was daily moleſted, but unmerciful demands were made of his applauſe, yea of his money, by ſuch as would neither earn the one nor deſerve the other. At the ſame time the licence of the Preſs was ſuch, that it grew dangerous to refuſe them either; for they would forthwith publiſh ſlanders unpuniſhed, the authors being anonymous, and ſkulking under the wings of publiſhers, a ſet of men who never ſcrupled to vend either calumny or blaſphemy, as long as the Town would call for it. Now

* Now our Author, living in thoſe times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honeſt ſatiriſt, to diſſuade the dull, and puniſh the wicked, the only way there was left. In that public-ſpirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greateſt ſervice he was capable (without much hurt, or being ſlain) to render his dear country. Firſt, taking things from their original, he conſidereth the cauſes creative of ſuch authors, namely, dulneſs and poverty; the one with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through ſelf-conceit of greater abilites. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory † (as the conſtruction of epic poeſy requireth) and feigns that one of theſe goddeſſes had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inſpired all ſuch writers and ſuch works‡. He proceedth to ſhew the qualities they beſtow on theſe authors, and the effects they produce‖: then the materials, or ſtock, with which they furniſh them**; and (above all) that ſelf-opinion †† which cauſeth it to ſeem to themſelves vaſtly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their ſetting up in this ſad and ſorry merchandiſe. The great power of theſe goddeſſes acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of induſtry, ſo is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in ſome one great and remarkable action‡‡: and none could be more ſo than that which our Poet hath choſen, *viz.* the reſtoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the miniſtry of Dulneſs their daughter, in the removal of her imperial ſeat from the City to the polite World; as the action of the Æneid is the reſtoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer ſinging only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole hiſtory of the Trojan war; in like manner our Author hath drawn into this ſingle action the whole hiſtory of Dulneſs and her children

A perſon

* Vide Boſſu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.
† Boſſu, chap. vii. ‡ Book I. ver. 32, &c.
Ver, 45, to 54. ** Ver. 57, to 77. †† Ver. 80,
‡‡ Boſſu, chap. vii, viii.

A perſon muſt next be fixed upon to ſupport this action. This phantom, in the poet's mind, muſt have a name*. He finds it to be —; and he becomes of courſe the Hero of the Poem.

The fable being thus, according to the beſt example, one and entire, as contained in the propoſition, the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, ſetting forth the whole power, miniſtry, and empire of Dulneſs, extended through her ſubordinate inſtruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into epiſodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd aſſembled in the Second Book demonſtrates the deſign to be more extenſive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other epiſodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymaſters, of ſuch authors, as occaſion ſhall bring them forth. And the Third Book, if well conſidered, ſeemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to ſome or other vile claſs of writers. The firſt concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the ſecond the libellous Noveliſt, whom he ſtyleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noiſy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and ſo of the reſt; aſſigning to each ſome proper name or other, ſuch as he could find.

As for the Characters, the Public hath already acknowledged how juſtly they are drawn. The Manners are ſo depicted, and the Sentiments ſo peculiar to thoſe to whom applied, that ſurely to transfer them to any other or wiſer perſonages would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every perſon concerned, being conſulted apart, hath readily owned the reſemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them "a parcel of poor wretches, ſo many ſilly "flies†;" but adds, "our Author's wit is remarka-"bly more bare and barren whenever it would fall "foul on Cibber than upon any other perſon whatever."

The

* Boſſu, chap. viii. Vide Ariſtot. Poetic. cap. ix.
† Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 9. 12. 41.

The Deſcriptions are ſingular, the Compariſons very quaint, the Narration various, yet of one colour. The purity and chaſtity of Diction is ſo preſerved, that in the places moſt ſuſpicious, not the Words, but only the Images, have been cenſured; and yet are thoſe Images no other than have been ſanctified by ancient and claſſical authority, (though, as was the manner of thoſe good times, not ſo curiouſly wrapped up,) yea, and commented upon by the moſt grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby ſubjected to ſuch ſevere indiſpenſable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a ſtrict imitation of the Antients; inſomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been cenſured by the ſound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general ſtructure, but by particular alluſions infinite, many whereof have eſcaped both the Commentator and Poet himſelf: yea divers, by his exceeding diligence, are ſo altered and interwoven with the reſt, that ſeveral have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abuſed, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole Poem proveth itſelf to be the work of our Author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminiſhing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*: for at that ſeaſon it was that Virgil finiſhed his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age compoſing his Arthurs, declared the ſame to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poeſy; though, ſince, he hath altered it to *ſixty*, the year in which he publiſhed his Alfred*. True it is, that the talents for criticiſm, namely, ſmartneſs, quick cenſure, vivacity of remark, certainty of aſſeveration, indeed all but acerbity, ſeem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwiſe in poetry; witneſs the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticiſm, became afterwards

* See his Eſſays.

ſuch poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reaſon, therefore, did our Author chooſe to write his Eſſay on that ſubject at twenty, and reſerve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of THE DUNCIAD. P.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our Poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable ſhare of judgment, diſſertated; but when he cometh to ſpeak of the Perſon of the Hero fitted for ſuch Poem, in truth he miſerably halts and hallucinates: for, miſled by one Monſieur Boſſu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raiſed up to ſupport the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who firſt build their houſe, and then ſeek out for a tenant, had contrived the ſtory of a War and a Wandering before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We ſhall therefore ſet our good brother and the world alſo right in this particular, by aſſuring them that, in the Greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muſe is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and, conſequently, that the Poet's firſt thought muſt needs be turned upon a real ſubject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illuſtrious. This is the *primum mobile* of this poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion: for this ſubject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon ſuch action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But

But the Muſe ceaſeth not here her eagle-flight: for ſometimes, ſatiated with the contemplation of theſe ſuns of glory, ſhe turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the gooſe and ſerpent kind. For we apply to the Muſe, in her various moods, what an ancient maſter of wiſdom affirmeth of the gods in general: 'Si Dii non iraſcuntur impiis et 'injuſtis, nec pios utique juſtoſque diligunt. In rebus 'enim diverſis, ut in utramque partem moveri neceſſe 'eſt, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit et 'malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. 'Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et 'malos odiſſe ex benorum caritate deſcendit.' Which, in our vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither "are they delighted with the good and juſt: for con"trary objects muſt either excite contrary affections "or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good "men muſt at the ſame time hate the bad; and he "who hateth not bad men cannot love the good; be"cauſe to love good men proceedeth from an averſion "to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderneſs to the good." From this delicacy of the Muſe aroſe the Little Epic, (more lively and choleric than her elder ſiſter, whoſe bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic,) and for this ſome notorious vehicle of vice and folly was ſought out to make thereof an example; an early inſtance of which (nor could it eſcape the accurate Scriblerus) the father himſelf of epic poem affordeth us. From him the practice deſcended to the Greek dramatic poets his offspring; who, in the compoſition of their tetralogy, or ſet of four pieces, were wont to make the laſt a ſatiric tragedy. Happily one of theſe ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongſt the tragedies of the poet Euripides; and what doth the reader ſuppoſe may be the ſubject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy obſervation, the unequal conteſt of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne

all

all the monſter's obſcene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce, in puniſhing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excuſed if, for the future, we conſider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our Poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the laſt worthily holdeth the place or ſtation of the ſatiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our ſubject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! ſtill remaineth a queſtion, whether the Hero of the Greater Epic ſhould be an honeſt man; or, as the French critics expreſs it, *un honnête homme** ; but it never admitted of any doubt but that the Hero of the Little Epic ſhould be his very oppoſite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may obſerve how much juſter the moral of that poem muſt needs be where ſo important a queſtion is previouſly decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit ſubject for a Dunciad. There muſt ſtill exiſt ſome analogy, if not reſemblance, of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the livelieſt graces of the Little Epic. Thus it being agreed that the conſtituent qualities of the Greater Epic Hero are *wiſdom*, *bravery*, and *love*, from whence ſpringeth heroic virtue; it followeth that thoſe of the Leſſer Epic Hero ſhould be *vanity*, *aſſurance*, and *debauchery*: from which happy aſſemblage reſulteth Heroic Dulneſs, the never-dying ſubject of this our Poem.

This being ſettled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wiſdom to ſeek its chief ſupport and confidence within itſelf, and to place that ſupport in the reſources which proceed from a conſcious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when ariſing to the heroic ſtandard, at all ſhort of this ſelf-complacence? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world

"(will

* Si un heros poetique doit etre un honnete homme, Boſſu, Du Poeme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

" (will ſuch a one ſay) impute to me what folly or " weakneſs they pleaſe; but till wiſdom can give me " ſomething that will make me more heartily happy, " I am contented to be gazed at*." This, we ſee, is vanity, according to the heroic gage or meaſure: not that low and ignoble ſpecies which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in thoſe vices which every body knows we have. " The world may aſk (ſays he) " why I make my follies public? Why not? I have " paſſed my time very pleaſantly with them†." In ſhort, there is no ſort of vanity ſuch a Hero would ſcruple to exult in, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high ſtation in this our Dunciad, namely, " Whether it would not be vanity in him to " take ſhame to himſelf for not being a wiſe man‡?"

Bravery, the ſecond attribute of the true hero, is courage manifeſting itſelf in every limb; while its correſpondent virtue in the mock hero is that ſame courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, muſt needs have more force and ſpirit than when diſperſed, we generally find this kind of courage in ſo high and heroic a degree, that it inſults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the braveſt character in all the Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blaſphemy. And can we ſay leſs of this brave man's? who having told us that he placed " His *ſummum bonum* in thoſe " follies which he was not content barely to poſſeſs, " but would likewiſe glory in," adds, " If I am " miſguided, 'tis Nature's fault, and I follow her‖." Nor can we be miſtaken in making this happy quality a ſpecies of courage, when we conſider thoſe illuſtrious marks of it which made his face " more known (as " he juſtly boaſteth) than moſt in the kingdom;" and his language to conſiſt of what we muſt allow to be the moſt daring figure of ſpeech, that which is taken from the name of God.

* Ded. to the Life of C. Cibber. † Life, p. 2. oct. edit.
‡ Life of C. Cibber, p. 2. octavo. ‖ Ibid. p. 23.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true hero's compoſition, is a mere bird of paſſage, or (as Shakeſpeare calls it) *Summer-teeming luſt*, and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtleſs by that refinement it ſuffers in paſſing through thoſe certain ſtrainers which our Poet ſomewhere ſpeaketh of *; but when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth ſtrength by old age, and becometh a laſting ornament to the Little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitneſs for ſuch an uſe; for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be ſo even by him who beſt knoweth its value. "Don't you think "(argueth he) to ſay only a man has his whore †, "ought to go for little or nothing? Becauſe, *defen-* "*dit numerus*, take the firſt ten thouſand men you "meet, and, I believe, you would be no loſer if you "betted ten to one that every ſingle ſinner of them, "one with another, had been guilty of the ſame "frailty ‡." But here he ſeemeth not to have done juſtice to himſelf: the man is ſure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourſcore. How doth his modeſty herein leſſen the merit of a whole well-ſpent life? not taking to himſelf the commendation (which Horace accounted the greateſt in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the ſame he was from the beginning

"———Servetur ad imum
"Qualis ab incepto proceſſerat."———

But here, in juſtice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implieth ſhe was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and ſuch as Scipio himſelf muſt have applauded: for how much ſelf-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore! and what diſorders muſt the coveting her have occaſioned in that ſociety, where (according to this po-

* Luſt, through ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.

† Alluding to theſe lines in the Epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot:
"And has not Colly ſtill his lord and whore,
"His butchers Henley, his free-maſons Moore?"

‡ C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

litical calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could deviſe, gone thro' the three conſtituent qualities of either Hero; but it is not in any, nor in all theſe, that heroiſm properly or eſſentially reſideth. It is a lucky reſult rather from the colliſion of theſe lively qualities againſt one another. Thus, as from wiſdom, bravery, and love, ariſeth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the Greater Epic; ſo from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, ſpringeth buffoonry, the ſource of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as the owner well termeth it* of the Little Epic.

He is not aſhamed (God forbid he ever ſhould be aſhamed!) of this character, who deemeth that not reaſon, but riſibility, diſtinguiſhed the human ſpecies from the brutal. "As Nature (ſaith this profound "philoſopher) diſtinguiſhed our ſpecies from the mute "creation by our riſibility, her deſign muſt have been, "by that faculty, as evidently to raiſe our happineſs, "as by our *os ſublime* (our erected faces) to lift the "dignity of our form above them†." All this conſidered, how complete a hero muſt he be, as well as how happy a man, whoſe riſibility lieth not barely in his muſcles, as in the common ſort, but (as himſelf informeth us) in his very ſpirits! and whoſe *os ſublime* is not ſimply an erect face, but a brazen head; as ſhould ſeem by his preferring it to one of iron, ſaid to belong to the late King of Sweden ‡.

But whatever perſonal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas ſhew us that all theſe are of ſmall avail without the conſtant aſſiſtance of the gods; for the ſubverſion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly ſoever then we may eſteem his high talents, we can hardly conceive his perſonal proweſs alone ſufficient to reſtore the decayed empire of Dulneſs. So weighty an achievement muſt require the particular favour

* C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 31. † C. Cibber's Life, p. 23, 24.
‡ Letter, p. 8.

vour and protection of the great, who being the natural patrons and ſupporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, muſt firſt be drawn off, and engaged in another intereſt, before the total ſubverſion of them can be accompliſhed. To ſurmount, therefore, this laſt and greateſt difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a profeſſed favourite and intimado of the great. And look of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much ſtronger, is modern incenſe to engage the great in the party of Dulneſs.

Thus have we eſſayed to pourtray or ſhadow out this noble imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to ſay, if ſo many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal ſhall ſuffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who ſeeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, all-accompliſhed perſon, in whom theſe rare virtues and lucky circumſtances have agreed to meet and concentre, with the ſtrongeſt luſtre and fulleſt harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay the world itſelf, might be impoſed on in the late ſpurious editions, by I cannot tell what Sham-Hero or Phantom; but it was not ſo eaſy to impoſe on him whom this egregious error moſt of all concerned: for no ſooner had the Fourth Book laid open the high and ſwelling ſcene, but he recognized his own heroic acts; and when he came to the words,

"Soft on her lap her Laureat ſon reclines,"

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any aſſociate or conſort in empire) he loudly reſented this dignity to violated majeſty. Indeed not without cauſe, he being there repreſented as faſt aſleep; ſo miſbeſeeming the eye of Empire, which, like that of Jove, ſhould never doze nor ſlumber, "Ha! (ſaith he) faſt aſleep it ſeems! that is a "little too ſtrong. Pert and dull at leaſt you might "have allowed me, but as ſeldom aſleep as any fool*."

* C. Cibber's Letter, p. 53.

However, the injured Laureat may comfort himſelf with this reflection, that though it be a ſleep, yet it is not the ſleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will * live at leaſt, though not awake, and in no worſe condition than many enchanted hero before him. The famous Durandarte, for inſtance, was, like him, caſt into a long ſlumber by Merlin the Britiſh bard and necromancer; and his example for ſubmitting to it with a good grace might be of ſervice to our Hero: for that diſaſtrous knight, being ſorely preſſed or driven to make his anſwer by ſeveral perſons of quality †, only replied with a ſigh, "Patience, and ſhuffle the cards‡."

But now, as nothing in this world, no, not the moſt ſacred or perfect things either of religion or government, can eſcape the ſtings of envy, methinks I already hear theſe carpers objecting to the clearneſs of our Hero's title.

It would never (ſay they) have been eſteemed ſufficient to make an hero for the Iliad of Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raiſe another, had they not been goddeſs-born, and princes-bred. What then did this author mean by erecting a player inſtead of one of his patrons, (a perſon "Never a hero even on the ſtage §") to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulneſs, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to paſs?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a ſufficient anſwer from the Roman hiſtorian, *Fabrum eſſe ſuæ quemque fortunæ:* "That every man is the carver of his "own fortune." The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth ſtill further, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himſelf a hero to be one of the worthieſt that ever breathed. "Let him (ſaith "he) but fancy himſelf capable of high things, and "he will of courſe be able to achieve the higheſt." From this principle it followeth that nothing can exceed our Hero's proweſs, as nothing ever equalled the greatneſs of his conceptions. Hear how he conſtantly

* C. Cibber's Letter, p. 1. † See Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.
‡ Don Quixote, Part II. Book ii. ch. 22. § See C. Cibber's Life, p. 148.

paragons himſelf; at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the exceſs and delicacy of his ambition *; to Henry IV. of France, for honeſt policy †; to the firſt Brutus, for love of liberty ‡; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power §. At another time to the godlike Socrates, for his diverſions and amuſements ‖; to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired **; to two Lord Chancellors for law, from whom, when confederate againſt him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence ††; and, to ſay all in a word, to the Right Reverend the Lord Biſhop of London himſelf, in the art of writing Paſtoral Letters ‡‡.

Nor did his actions fall ſhort of the ſublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution §§ face to face in Nottingham, at a time when other patriots contented themſelves to follow her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made ſo honourable mention in one of his immortal odes ‖‖. But he ſhone in courts as well as camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution *, and was a goſſip at her chriſtening with the biſhop and the ladies †.

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen god or goddeſs; but, what is as good, he was deſcended from a Maker of both ‡. And that he did not paſs himſelf on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is ſenſible he had it in his power to be thought no body's ſon at all §: and what is that, I pray you, but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poeſy ſo requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth muſt

* See C. Cibber's Life, p. 149. † Ib. p. 424. ‡ Ib. p. 366. § Ib. p. 457. ‖ Ib. p. 18. ** Ib. p. 425. †† P. 436, 437. ‡‡ P. 52. §§ P. 47.

‖‖ "Old Battle-array in confuſion is fled,
"And olive-rob'd Peace is come in his ſtead," &c.
Cibber's *Birth, or New Year's Day Ode.*

* Cibber's Life, p. 57. † P. 58, 59. ‡ A Statuary. § Life.

needs be procured for this achievement, even for this we have a reſource. We can eaſily derive our Hero's pedigree from a goddeſs of no ſmall power and authority amongſt men, and legitimate and inſtal him after the right claſſical and authentic faſhion: for, like as the ancient ſages found a ſon of Mars in a mighty warrior, a ſon of Neptune in a ſkilful ſeaman, a ſon of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; ſo have we here, if need be, a ſon of Fortune in an artful Gameſter. And who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of Chance to aſſiſt in reſtoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection, of greater weight, namely, "That this hero ſtill exiſteth, and "hath not yet finiſhed his earthly courſe. For if So-"lon ſaid well,

"——ultima ſemper
"Expectanda dies homini: dieſque beatus
"Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet:

"That no man could be called happy till his death, "ſurely much leſs can any one, till then, be pro-"nounced a hero; this ſpecies of men being far more "ſubject than others to the caprices of Fortune and "Humour." But to this alſo we have an anſwer, which will (we hope) be deemed deciſive. It cometh from himſelf, who, to cut this matter ſhort, hath ſolemnly proteſted that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his Vanity, he declareth that nothing ſhall ever part them. "Nature (ſaith he) hath "amply ſupplied me in vanity; a pleaſure which nei-"ther the pertneſs of wit, nor the gravity of wiſdom, "will ever perſuade me to part with *." Our Poet had charitably endeavoured to adminiſter a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly, "My ſuperiors, perhaps, "may be mended by him; but, for my part, I own "myſelf incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the "beſt part of my fortune †." And with good reaſon; we ſee to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to Buffoonry, "Is it (ſaith he) a time "of day for me to leave off theſe fooleries, and ſet up "a new character? I can no more put off my follies than

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 424. † Ib. p. 19.

"than my ſkin: I have often tried, but they ſtick too "cloſe to me; nor am I ſure my friends are diſpleaſed "with them, for in this light I afford them frequent "matter of mirth," *&c. &c.**. Having then ſo publickly declared himſelf incorrigible, he is become dead in law, (I mean the law *Epopœian)* and devolveth upon the Poet; is now his property; and may be taken and dealt with like an old Egyptian hero, that is to ſay, embowelled and embalmed for poſterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own propheſy of himſelf from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the ſatisfaction to ſee alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in theſe oraculous words, "My dulneſs "will find ſomebody to do it right†."

"Tandem Phœbus adeſt, morſuſque inferre parentem
"Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus. ‡"

* Cibber's Life, p. 17. † Ib. p. 243. Octavo Edit.
‡ Ovid of the Serpent biting at Orpheus's Head.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the Five firſt imperfect Editions of the Dunciad, in Three Books, printed at Dublin and London, in Octavo and Duodecimo, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT will be found a true obſervation, though ſomewhat ſurpriſing, that when any ſcandal is vented againſt a man of the higheſt diſtinction and character, either in the ſtate or literature, the public in general afford it a moſt quiet reception, and the larger part accept

The publiſher.] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his Preface to Durgen, "That moſt judges are of opinion this Preface "is not of Engliſh extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publiſher or not, may be ſaid in a ſort, to be author of the Poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reaſons ſpecified in the Preface to their Miſcellanies) determined to own the moſt trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to deſtroy all that remained in their power, the firſt ſketch of this Poem was ſnatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who perſuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inſcribed. But the occaſion of printing it was as follows: There

accept it as favourable as if it were ſome kindneſs done to themſelves: whereas, if a known ſcoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cauſe of all ſcribblers, bookſellers, and printers whatſoever.

Not to ſearch too deeply into the reaſon hereof, I will only obſerve as a fact, that every week, for theſe two months paſt, the Town has been perſecuted with pamphlets, advertiſements, letters, and weekly eſſays, not only againſt the wit and writings, but againſt the character and perſon, of Mr. Pope; and that of all thoſe men who have received pleaſure from his Works, (which by modeſt computation may be about a hundred thouſand in theſe kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jerſey, Guernſey, the Orcades, thoſe

There was publiſhed in theſe Miſcellanies a Treatiſe of the Bathos, or, Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the ſpecies of bad writers were rang d in claſſes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the moſt part, at random. But ſuch was the number of poets eminent in that art, that ſome one or other took every letter to himſelf. All fell into ſo violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newſpapers (in moſt of which they had ſome property, as being hired writers) were filled with the moſt abuſive falſehoods and ſcurrilities they could poſſibly deviſe; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in thoſe people, and in thoſe papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own perſons and names being utterly ſecret and obſcure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now ſome opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light theſe common enemies of mankind; ſince, to invalidate this univerſal ſlander, it ſufficed to ſhew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes that, by manifeſting the dulneſs of thoſe who had only malice to recommend them, either the bookſellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themſelves, when diſcovered, want courage to proceed in ſo unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happineſs that, by the late flood of ſlander on himſelf, he had acquired ſuch a peculiar right over their names as was neceſſary to his deſign.

Pamphlets, advertiſements, &c.] See the liſt of thoſe anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inſerted before the Poem.

About a hundred thouſand.] It is ſurpriſing with what ſtupidity this Preface, which is almoſt a continued irony, was taken by thoſe authors. All ſuch paſſages as theſe were underſtood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be ſerious. Hear the Laureat (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was "writ, yet, when I read it with thoſe vain-glorious incumbrances of "notes and remarks upon it, &c. --- it is amazing that you, who have "writ with ſuch maſterly ſpirit upon the ruling paſſion, ſhould be ſo "blind a ſlave to your own, as not to ſee how far a low avarice of "praiſe," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the Author's own.)

thoſe in the New World, and foreigners who have tranſlated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath ſtood up to ſay one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author of the following Poem, who doubtleſs had either a better inſight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope' integrity, joined with a greater perſonal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifeſts of the moſt private authors of all the anonymous pieces againſt him, and from his having in this Poem * attacked no man living who had not before printed or publiſhed ſome ſcandal againſt this gentleman.

How I came poſſeſſed of it is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; ſince thoſe names which are its chief ornaments die off daily ſo faſt, as muſt render it too ſoon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot ſay; and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his ſtyle and manner of writing which can diſtinguiſh or diſcover him; for if it bears any reſemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpoſe, with a view to have it paſs for his. But by the frequency of his alluſions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to ſay affected) ſhortneſs in imitation of him, I ſhould think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the ſame taſte with his friend. I have

The Author of the following Poem, &c.] A very plain irony, ſpeaking of Mr. Pope himſelf.

* The Publiſher, in theſe words, went a little too far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him are of ſuch; and the exception is only of two or three, whoſe dulneſs, impudent ſcurrilities, or ſelf-conceit, all mankind agreed to have juſtly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

There is certainly nothing in his ſtyle, &c.] This irony had ſmall effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been publiſhed two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope.

I have been well informed that this work was the labour of full ſix years of his life, and that he wholly retired himſelf from all the avocations and pleaſures of the world to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and ſix years more he intended to beſtow upon it, as it ſhould ſeem by this verſe of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuſcript:——

"Oh mihi biſſenos multum vigilata per annos,
"Duncia *!"

Hence alſo we learn the true title of the Poem; which, with the ſame certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camœns the Luſiad, we may pronounce could have been, and can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is ſtyled Heroic, as being doubly ſo; not only with reſpect to its nature, which, according to the beſt rules of the Ancients, and ſtricteſt ideas of the Moderns, is critically ſuch; but alſo with regard to the heroical diſpoſition and high courage of the writer, who dared to ſtir up ſuch a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may ariſe ſome obſcurity in chronology from the names in the Poem, by the inevitable removal of ſome authors, and inſertion of others in their niches: for, whoever will conſider the unity of the whole deſign,

The labour of full ſix years, &c.] This alſo was honeſtly and ſeriouſly believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, preface to Sawney: "We are told it was the labour of ſix years, with the ut-"moſt aſſiduity and application: it is no great compliment to the Au-"thor's ſenſe to have employed ſo large a part of his life," &c. So alſo Ward, preface to Durgen: "The Dunciad, as the publiſher very "wiſely confeſſes, coſt the Author ſix years' retirement from all the plea-"ſures of life; though it is ſomewhat difficult to conceive, from either "its bulk or beauty, that it could be ſo long in hatching," &c. But the length of time and cloſeneſs of application were mentioned to preposſeſs the reader with a good opinion of it.

They juſt as well underſtood what Scriblerus ſaid of the Poem.

* The prefacer to Curl's Key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on the word Duncia, the Dunciad, is formed." Mr. Ward alſo follows him in the ſame opinion.

ſign, will be ſenſible that the Poem was not made for theſe authors, but theſe authors for the Poem. I ſhould judge that they were clapped in as they roſe, freſh and freſh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither we thruſt new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious if he cannot decypher them; ſince, when he ſhall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the perſons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preſerve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the ſatire would only be multiplied, and applied to many inſtead of one. Had the Hero, for inſtance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B? *&c.* but now all that unjuſt ſcandal is ſaved, by calling him by a name which happens to be that of a real perſon.

A LIST OF
BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

In which our Author was abuſed before the Publication of the Dunciad, with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS Critical and Satirical on a late Rhapſody, called An Eſſay on Criticiſm. By Mr. Dennis. Printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A New Rehearſal; or, Bayes the Younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's Plays, and a Word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. By Charles Gildon. Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides; or, A Letter to Mr. Pope, occaſioned by his intended Tranſlation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel, Thomas Burnet and G. Ducket, Eſquires. Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æſop at the Bear-garden; a Viſion, in Imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preſton. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The

The Catholic Poet; or, Proteſtant Barnaby's ſorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet ſhow at Bath, concerning the ſaid Iliad. By George Ducket, Eſq. Printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call it. Anon. By Griffin, a Player, ſuperviſed by Mr. Th———. Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend. Anon. Dennis. Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joſeph Gay. J. D. Breval. Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Tranſlation of Homer; with two Letters concerning the Windſor Foreſt, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Tranſlators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. Bez. Morris, 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate; or, A Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. Leonard Welſted, 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic Poem. By Tho. Cooke. Printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. Eliza Haywood, 8vo. Printed in 1727.

An Eſſay on Criticiſm, in Proſe. By the Author of the Critical Hiſtory of England. J. Oldmixon, octavo. Printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample Preface and Critique on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. By Jonathan Smedly. Printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times: or, An Account of the Writings, Characters, &c. of ſeveral Gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miſcellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verſes, Letters, Eſſays, or Advertiſements, in the Public Prints.

Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. Written by Mr. Concanen.

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. By James Moore Smith.

Idem, March 29. A Letter about Therſites, accuſing the Author of diſaffection to the government. By James Moore Smith.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Eſſay on the Arts of a Poet's ſinking in Reputation: or, A Supplement to the Art of ſinking in Poetry. Suppoſed by Mr. Theobald.

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James Moore Smith.

Flying-Poſt, April 4. A Letter againſt Gulliver and Mr. P. By Mr. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James Moore Smith.

The Flying-Poſt, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatiſe upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the ſame. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertiſement by James Moore Smith.

Flying-Poſt, April 13. Verſes againſt Dr. Swift, and againſt Mr. P——'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Tranſlation of the Character of Therſites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter againſt Mr. P. at large. Anon. John Dennis.

All theſe were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verſes, Eſſays, Letters, and Advertiſements occaſioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies, prefaced by Concanen. Anon. octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others, of an elder date, having lain as waſte paper

many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers, (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few,) by advertising them in this manner;—"The Confederates, a Farce. By Capt. Breval, (for "which he was put into the Dunciad.) An Epilogue "to Powel's Puppet-show. By Col. Ducket, (for "which he was put into the Dunciad.) Essays, &c. "By Sir Richard Blackmore. (*N.B.* It was for a "passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into "the Dunciad)." And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid libels "and advertisements were forged and untrue; that all "mouths had been silent except in Mr. Pope's praise; "and nothing against him published but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that Poem. By J. Ralph, [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after.] Printed by J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl, 12mo, price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo, price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curl, 12mo, price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad Dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present Times. Said to be writ by a Gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts, octavo. The

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profound. Anon. By Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, ſigned W. A. writ by ſome or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for ſome time held conſtant weekly meetings for theſe kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter, ſigned Philo-Scriblerus, on the name of Pope——Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verſe, ſigned B. M. Bezaleel Morris, againſt Mr. P——. Many other little epigrams, about this time, in the ſame papers, by James Moore, and others.

Miſt's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying-Poſt, Aug. 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Aug. 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treaſon.

Durgen: A plain Satire on a pompous Satiriſt. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newſpapers, like the former volume under the ſame title, by Smedley. Advertiſed in the Craftſman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promiſe, that "*Any thing* which *any body* ſhould ſend "as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, ſhould be inſerted and "publiſhed as their's."

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. by George Ducket and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphraſe on the ivth Chapter of Geneſis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A Paper of Verſes by Leonard Welſted, which after came into One Epiſtle, and was publiſhed

by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welſted's own name, under the juſt title of Dulneſs and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been ſince publiſhed,

Verſes on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady, or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-'ſquire. Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epiſtle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-Court, Lord H—y. Printed for J. Roberts. Alſo folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-Garden, octavo.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the firſt Edition with Notes, in quarto, 1729.

IT will be ſufficient to ſay of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad than has hitherto appeared. I cannot anſwer but ſome miſtakes may have ſlipt into it, but a vaſt number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only ſet at length, but juſtified by the authorities and reaſons given. I make no doubt the Author's own motive to uſe real rather than feigned names, was his care to preſerve the innocent from any falſe application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffenſive; and (what was worſe) to abuſe his friends by an impreſſion at Dublin.

The Commentary which attends this Poem was ſent me from ſeveral hands, and, conſequently, muſt be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over moſt commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote diſtance of time; and the reader cannot but derive one pleaſure from the very *obſcurity* of the perſons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *ſecret*, which moſt people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever ſo inconſiderable or trivial.

Of

Of the *perſons* it was judged proper to give ſome account: for ſince it is only in this monument that they muſt expect to ſurvive, (and here ſurvive they will, as long as the Engliſh tongue ſhall remain ſuch as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George,) it ſeemed but humanity to beſtow a word or two upon each, juſt to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breaſt to mark the enormities for which they ſuffered; leſt the correction only ſhould be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In ſome articles it was thought ſufficient barely to tranſcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this Comment can pretend to be. Moſt of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occaſions; but the few here inſerted are all that could be ſaved from the general deſtruction of ſuch works.

Of the part of Sciblerus I need ſay nothing: his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but thoſe who are too much concerned to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify thoſe who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with ſome of the parodies and alluſions to the moſt excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the Poem too much a Canto, our Poet will but appear to have done the ſame thing in jeſt which Boileau did in earneſt, and upon which Vida, Fracaſtorius, and many of the moſt eminent Latin poets, profeſſedly valued themſelves.

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To the firſt Edition of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed ſeparately in the year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the Author of the Three firſt Books of the Dunciad that we publiſh this Fourth. It was found merely by

accident, in taking the ſurvey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in ſo blotted a condition, and in ſo many detached pieces, as plainly ſhewed it to be not not only *incorrect*, but *unfiniſhed*. That the Author of the Three firſt Books had a deſign to extend and complete his Poem in this manner, appears from the diſſertation prefixed to it, where it is ſaid, that "The deſign is more extenſive, and that we may expect other epiſodes to complete it:" and, from the declaration in the argument to the Third Book, that "The accompliſhment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad." But whether or no he be the Author of this we declare ourſelves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the laſt ſix Books of the Æneid, though, perhaps, inferior to the former.

If any perſon be poſſeſſed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publiſher, we ſhall make the next edition more complete: in which we alſo promiſe to inſert any Criticiſms that ſhall be publiſhed (if at all to the purpoſe) with the names of the authors; or any letters ſent us (though not to the purpoſe) ſhall yet be printed, under the title of *Epiſtolæ obſcurorum virorum*; which, together with ſome others of the ſame kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleaſant addition to the future Impreſſions of this Poem.

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To the complete Edition of 1743.

I HAVE long had a deſign of giving ſome ſort of Notes on the works of this Poet. Before I had the happineſs of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Eſſay on Man, and have ſince finiſhed another on the Eſſay on Criticiſm. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation; but I ſtill thought ſome additions were wanting (of a more ſerious kind) to the humorous

notes of Scriblerus, and even to thoſe written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleaſure to paſs ſome months with the Author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long deſired, and favour me with his explanation of ſeveral paſſages in his works. It happened, that juſt at that juncture was publiſhed a ridiculous book againſt him, full of perſonal reflections, which furniſhed him with a lucky opportunity of improving this Poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more conſiderable Hero. He was always ſenſible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it paſs with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the leaſt expectation that ſuch an one was reſerved for this poſt as has ſince obtained the laurel: but ſince that had happened, he could no longer deny this juſtice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to ſay, there was another motive which had ſtill more weight with our Author; this perſon was one who, from every folly (not to ſay vice) of which another would be aſhamed, has conſtantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would leaſt be hurt by it. W. W.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the Journals, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occaſion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, ſome have been willing to ſuggeſt, as if they had looked upon them as an abuſe; we can do no leſs than own it is our opinion, that to call theſe gentlemen bad authors is no ſort of abuſe, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without ſome reaſon; but we promiſe to do it in reſpect to every perſon who thinks it an injury to be repreſented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really ſuch from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis ſingly, who is eſteemed equal to any three of the number.

A PARALLEL

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. DRYDEN, HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good ſenſe.* A true republican ſon of monarchical church †. A republican Atheiſt ‡. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue ſo to the laſt §.

In the poem called Abſalom and Ahithophel, are notoriouſly traduced the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their honourable perſons expoſed, but the whole nation and its repreſentatives notoriouſly libelled. It is *ſcandalum magnatum*, yea of Majeſty itſelf ‖.

He looks upon God's goſpel as a fooliſh fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor.** His very Chriſtianity may be queſtioned ††. He ought to expect more ſeverity than other men, as he is moſt unmerciful in his reflections on others‡‡. With as good a right as his Holineſs, he ſets up for poetical infallibility. §§

Mr. DRYDEN *only a Verſifier.*

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be ſaid of it) with good metre.‖‖ Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his verſification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only is a queſtion *.

Mr. DRYDEN's Virgil.

Tonſon calls it Dryden's Virgil, to ſhew that this is not that Virgil ſo much admired in the Auguſtan age, but a Virgil of another ſtamp, a ſilly, impertinent, nonſenſical writer †. None but a Bavius, a Mævius,

* Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6. † Ib. p. 38. ‡ Ib. p. 192. § Ib. p. 8. ‖ Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Pref. ** Ibid. †† Milbourn, p. 9. ‡‡ Ib. p. 175. §§ Ib. p. 39. ‖‖ Whip and Key, Pref. * Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 84. † Milbourn, p. 2.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. POPE, HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning *. Some call him a Popiſh Whig, which is directly inconſiſtent†. Pope, as a Papiſt, muſt be a Tory and High-flyer ‡. He is both a Whig and Tory §.

He hath made it his cuſtom to cackle to more than one party in their own ſentiments ‖.

In his Miſcellanies, the perſons abuſed are the King, the Queen, his late Majeſty, both Houſes of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Bench of Biſhops, the Eſtabliſhed Church, the preſent Miniſtry, *&c.* To make ſenſe of ſome paſſages, they muſt be conſtrued into royal ſcandal **.

He is a Popiſh rhymſter, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings ††. His religion allows him to deſtroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and ſword; and ſuch were all thoſe unhappy wits whom he ſacrificed to his accurſed Popiſh principles ‡‡. It deſerved vengeance to ſuggeſt, that Mr. Pope had leſs infallibility than his nameſake at Rome §§.

Mr. POPE *only a Verſifier.*

The ſmooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit ‖‖. It muſt be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing ſmooth verſe *.

Mr. POPE's Homer.

The Homer which Lintot prints does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who tranſlated him, one

* Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12. † Dunciad Diſſected. ‡ Pref. to Gulliveriana. § Dennis, Character of Mr. P. ‖ Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22, 1728. ** Life at the end of a Collection of Verſes, Letters, Advertiſements, 8vo. printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the preface to it, p. 6. †† Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. ‡‡ Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. §§ Dedication to the Collection of Verſes, Letters, *&c.* p. 9. ‖‖ Miſt's Journal of June 8, 1728. * Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer.

vius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; and none but ſuch unthinking vermin admire his Tranſlator*. It is true, ſoft and eaſy lines might become Ovid's Epiſtles or Art of Love—but Virgil, who is all great and majeſtic, &c. requires ſtrength of lines, weight of words, and cloſeneſs of expreſſion; not an ambling Muſe running on carpet-ground, and ſhod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberleſs faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expreſſion.†

Mr. DRYDEN *underſtood no Greek nor Latin.*

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Weſtminſter-ſchool: Dr. Buſhby would have whipt him for ſo childiſh a paraphraſe‡. The meaneſt pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for conſtruing ſo abſurdly§. The Tranſlator is mad, every line betrays his ſtupidity‖. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, underſtand his author**. This ſhews how fit Mr. Dryden may be to tranſlate Homer! A miſtake in a ſingle letter might fall on the printer well enough, but εἴχωρ for ἐχώρ, muſt be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the preſs††. Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies—He writes for the ladies, and not for uſe‡‡.

The Tranſlator puts in a little burleſque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated ſubſcribers§§.

Mr. DRYDEN *tricked his Subſcribers.*

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conſcious of his own unfitneſs for it, ſhould go to amuſe the learned world with ſuch an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that thoſe who can read for themſelves, will be impoſed upon merely by a partially and unſeaſonably celebrated name‖‖. *Poëtis quidlibet audendi* ſhall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it ſhould extend to picking of pockets*. *Names*

* Milbourn, p. 35. † Ib. p. 22, and 102. ‡ Ib. p. 72. § Ib. p. 203. ‖ Ib. p. 78. ** Ib. p. 206. †† Ib. p. 19. ‡‡ Ib. p. 144, 190. §§ Ib. p. 67. ‖‖ Ib. p. 192. * Ib. p. 125.

one would ſwear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnaſſus, and a puddle in ſome bog for his Hippocrene *. He has no admirers among thoſe that can diſtinguiſh, diſcern, and judge †.

He hath a knack at ſmooth verſe, but without either genius or good ſenſe, or any tolerable knowledge of Engliſh. The qualities which diſtinguiſh Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his verſification.—But this little Author, who is ſo much in vogue, has neither ſenſe in his thoughts, nor Engliſh in his expreſſion ‡.

Mr. POPE *underſtood no Greek.*

He hath undertaken to tranſlate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into Engliſh, of which he underſtands as little §. I wonder how this gentleman would look, ſhould it be diſcovered that he has not traſlated ten verſes together in any book of Homer with juſtice to the poet; and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not underſtanding Greek ‖. He has ſtuck ſo little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in queſtion **. I ſhould be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has ſo delighted the ladies and the gentlemen who judge like ladies ††.

But he has a notable talent at burleſque; his genius ſlides ſo naturally into it, that he hath burleſqued Homer without deſigning it ‡‡.

Mr. POPE *tricked his Subſcribers.*

It is indeed ſomewhat bold, and almoſt prodigious, for a ſingle man to undertake ſuch a work: but it is too late to diſſuade, by demonſtrating the madneſs of the project. The ſubſcribers' expectations have been raiſed in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of §§. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to bookſellers ‖‖. *Names*

* Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. † Ib. p. 14. ‡ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91. § Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12. ‖ Daily Journal, April 23, 1728. ** Suppl. to the Profound Preface. †† Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 66. ‡‡ Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. §§ Homerides, p. 1, &c. ‖‖ Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.

Names beſtowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An *Ape.*] A crafty ape dreſt up in a gawdy gown —Whips put into an ape's paw to play pranks with —None but apiſh and Papiſh brats will heed him *.

An *Aſs.*] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is ſufficient for his ſtrength, but there is another beaſt that crouches under all †.

A *Frog.*] Poet Squab, endued with Poet Maroe's ſpirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would ſwell to the bulk of an ox ‡.

A *Coward.*] A Clinias, or a Damætus, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage §.

A *Knave.*] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jeſus Chriſt: and, if I miſtake not, I have read ſomewhat of John Dryden, ſervant to his Majeſty ‖.

A *Fool.*] Had he not been ſuch a ſelf-conceited fool**. —Some great poets are poſitive blockheads ††.

A *Thing.*] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden ‡‡.

* Whip and Key, pref. † Milbourn, p. 105. ‡ Ib. p. 11. § Ib. p. 176. ‖ Ib. p. 57. ** Whip and Key, pref. †† Milbourne, p. 34. ‡‡ Ibid. p. 35.

Names beſtowed on Mr. POPE.

An *Ape*.] Let us take the initial letter of his Chriſtian name, and the initial and final letters of his ſurname, *viz.* A. P. E. and they give you the ſame idea of an ape as his face *, *&c.*

An *Aſs*.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's ſkin from this little aſs †.

A *Frog*.] A ſquab ſhort gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, ſwells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox ‡.

A *Coward*.] A lurking, way-laying coward §.

A *Knave*.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honeſty ‖.

A *Fool*.] Great fools will be chriſtened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer **.

A *Thing*.] A little abject thing ††.

* Dennis's Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. † Dennis's Rem. on Hom. pref. ‡ Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 9. § Char. of Mr. P. p. 3. ‖ Ibid. ** Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37. †† Ibid. p. 8.

BY AUTHORITY.

BY virtue of the Authority in Us veſted by the Act for ſubjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenſer, *We have reviſed this Piece; where, finding the ſtyle and appellation of* KING *to have been given to a certain* Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, *or* Phantom, *of the name of* TIBBALD; *and apprehending the ſame may be deemed in ſome ſort a reflection on* Majeſty, *or at leaſt an inſult on that Legal Authority which has beſtowed on another Perſon the* Crown of Poeſy: *We have ordered the ſaid* Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, *or* Phantom, *utterly to* vaniſh *and* evaporate *out of this Work; and do declare the ſaid Throne of Poeſy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unleſs duly and lawfully ſupplied by the* LAUREATE himſelf. *And it is hereby enacted, that no other Perſon do preſume to fill the ſame.*

BY THE AUTHOR, A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdaſhers of Points and Particles, *being inſtigated by the ſpirit of* Pride, *and aſſuming to themſelves the name of* Critics *and* Reſtorers, *have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current ſenſe of our* Glorious Anceſtors, Poets of this Realm, *by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own baſe alloy, or otherwiſe falſifying the ſame; which they publiſh, utter, and vend as genuine; the ſaid Haberdaſhers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, adminiſtrators, aſſigns, or* in any ſort related *to ſuch Poets, to all or any of them:* Now We, *having carefully reviſed this our* Dunciad, * *beginning with the words* The mighty Mother, *and ending with the words* buries All, *containing the entire ſum of* One thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-four verſes, *declare every word, figure, point, and comma, of this impreſſion to be authentic: and do therefore ſtrictly enjoin and forbid any perſon or perſons whatſoever, to eraſe, reverſe, put between* hooks, *or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them.* And *we do hereby earneſtly exhort all our brethren to follow* this our example, *which we heartily wiſh our great Predeceſſors had heretofore ſet, as a remedy and prevention of all ſuch abuſes:* Provided always,

* Read thus confidently, inſtead of "beginning with the word Books, "and ending with the word Flies," as formerly it ſtood: read alſo, "containing the entire ſum of One thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-"four verſes," inſtead of "One thouſand and twelve lines;" ſuch being the initials and final words, and ſuch the true and entire contents of this Poem.

that nothing in this Declaration ſhall be conſtrued to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every ſubject of this Realm to judge, cenſure, or condemn, in the whole, or in part, any Poem or Poet whatſoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thouſand ſeven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,

JOHN BARBER, Mayor,

Thou art to know, Reader! that the firſt edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never ſeen by the Author, (though living, and not blind:) the editor himſelf confeſſed as much in his preface; and no two poems were ever publiſhed in ſo arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly ſuppreſſed whole paſſages, yea the entire laſt book, as the editor of Paradiſe Loſt added and augmented. Milton himſelf gave but ten books, his editor twelve: this Author gave four books, his editor only three. But we have happily done juſtice to both; and preſume we ſhall live, in this our laſt labour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTLEY.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The Propoſition, the Invocation, and the Inſcription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulneſs, and cauſe of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddeſs in the City, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the Poem haſtes into the midſt of things, preſenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her ſons, and the glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the inſtrument of that great event which is the ſubject of the Poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his books, giving up the cauſe, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himſelf to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raiſes an altar of proper Books, and (making firſt his ſolemn prayer and declaration) purpoſes thereon to ſacrifice all his unſucceſsful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddeſs, beholding the flame from her ſeat, flies and puts it out, by caſting upon it the Poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herſelf to him, tranſports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her myſteries; then announcing the death of Euſden the Poet-Laureat, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him ſucceſſor.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of kings,
I ſing. Say you, her inſtruments, the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate;
You

REMARKS.

The Dunciad.] It is an inconvenience to which writers of reputation are ſubject, that the juſtice of their reſentment is not always rightly underſtood: for the calumnies of dull authors being ſoon forgotten, and thoſe whom they aimed to injure not caring to recall to memory the particulars of falſe and ſcandalous abuſe, their neceſſary correction is ſuſpected of ſeverity unprovoked. But in this caſe it would be but candid to eſtimate the chaſtiſement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the perſon injured. Let this ſerve with the candid reader in juſtification of the Poet, and, on occaſion, of the Editor.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was publiſhed at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the ſame year: but there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint poſterity, that this poem was preſented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. *Schol. Vet.*

VARIATIONS.

v. 1. *The mighty Mother, &c.*] In the firſt edition it was thus:

Books and the man I ſing, the firſt who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of kings.
Say, great Patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
Theſe wond'rous works, (ſo Jove and Fate require,)
Say, for what cauſe, in vain decry'd and curs'd,
Still------

IMITATIONS.

Say, great Patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
Theſe wond'rous work-----

——Dii coeptis (nam vos mutamus et illas.) *Ovid. Met. I.*

You by whoſe care, in vain decry'd and curſt,
Still Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt;
Say how the Goddeſs bade Britannia ſleep,
And pour'd her ſpirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldeſt time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas iſſu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulneſs o'er all poſſeſs'd her antient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Groſs as her ſire, and as her mother grave;
Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind,
Still her old empire to reſtore ſhe tries,
For, born a goddeſs, Dulneſs never dies.
O Thou! whatever title pleaſe thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair,

Or

REMARKS.

It was expreſsly confeſſed in the preface to the firſt edition, that this Poem was not publiſhed by the Author himſelf. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only inſtead of proper names, theſe blunderers filled them up at their pleaſure.

The very Hero of the Poem hath been miſtaken to this hour; ſo that we are obliged to open our Notes with a diſcovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was preſented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the Author directly tells us, his Hero is the man

-----who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the perſon on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apoſtrophe to the Great in the third verſe, that Tibbald could not be the perſon, who was never an Author in faſhion, or careſſed by the great: whereas this ſingle characteriſtic is ſufficient to point out the true Hero; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and choſen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himſelf tells us, certain of his works at the earneſt deſire of perſons of quality.

Laſtly, The ſixth verſe affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was univerſally known to have had a ſon ſo exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political and moral capacities, that it could juſtly be ſaid of him,

Still Dunce the Second reigns like Dunce the Firſt. *Bentley.*

IMITATIONS.

v. 6.] Alluding to a verſe of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Fleckno, (as is ſaid ignorantly in the Key to the Dunciad, p. 1.) but in his verſes to Mr. Congreve,

"And Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt."

Or praiſe the Court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia though her pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outſpread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Cloſe to thoſe walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainleſs brothers ſtand,
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry:
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the black receſs,
Emblem of muſic caus'd by emptineſs:
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Eſcape in monſters, and amaze the Town:
Hence Miſcellanies ſpring, the weekly boaſt
Of Curl's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines;
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines:
Sepulchral

REMARKS.

v. 31. *----by his fam'd father's hand.*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-laureate. The two ſtatutes of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hoſpital were done by him, and (as the ſon juſtly ſays of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artiſt.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MSS.

Or in the graver gown inſtruct mankind,
Or ſilent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be underſtood, as the Poet ſays, *ironice*, like the 23d verſe.

v. 29. *Cloſe to thoſe walls*, &c.] In the former edit. thus:

Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak receſs,
Emblem of muſic caus'd by emptineſs;
Here in one bed two ſhiv'ring ſiſters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry,

v. 41. In the former edit.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the ſoft ſing-ſong on Cecilia's day.

v. 42. Alludes to the annual ſongs compoſed to muſic on St. Cecilia's feaſt.

IMITATIONS.

v. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's----Hence*, &c.]

"----Genus unde Latinum,
"Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ."

Virg. Æn. I.

Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-ſtreet race.
In clouded majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone,
Four guardian virtues, round, ſupport her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hiſſes, blows, or want or loſs of ears:
Calm Temperance, whoſe bleſſings thoſe partake
Who hunger and who thirſt for ſcribbling' ſake:
Prudence, whoſe glaſs preſents th' approaching jail;
Poetic Juſtice, with her lifted ſcale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold ſhe weighs,
And ſolid pudding againſt empty praiſe.
Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameleſs Somethings in their cauſes ſleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warmth third day,
Call forth each maſs, a poem or a play:
How hints, like ſpawn, ſcarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulneſs new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy ſtrike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and ſimilies unlike.
She ſees a mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madneſs of the mazy dance;

IMITATIONS.

v. 45. *In clouded Majeſty.*]
---"The Moon
"Riſing in clouded majeſty."-------- *Milton*, B. IV.

v. 48. -------*that knows no fears*
Of hiſſes, blows, or want or loſs of ears.]
"Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula torrent." *Hor.*

v. 55. *Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,*
Where nameleſs Something, &c.]
That is to ſay, unformed things, which are either made into poems, or plays, as the bookſellers or the players bid moſt. Theſe lines allude to the following in Garth's Diſpenſary, canto vi.

"Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
"The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
"'Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
"Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day."

v. 64. *And ductile Dulneſs*, &c.] A parody on a verſe in Garth, canto i,

"How ductile matter new meanders takes."

How tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himſelf ſtands ſtill at her command,
Realms ſhift their place, and ocean turns to land.
Here gay Deſcription Egypt glads with ſhow'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
There painted vallies of eternal green;
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harveſts nod beneath the ſnow.
All theſe, and more, the cloud compelling Queen
Beholds through fogs that magnify the ſcene.
She, tinſel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With ſelf-applauſe her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monſters riſe and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day when *** rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces.)
Now Night deſcending, the proud ſcene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.
Now may'rs and ſhrieves all huſh'd and ſatiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the cuſtard of the day;
While penſive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepleſs themſelves to give their readers ſleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feaſt recalls
What City ſwans once ſung within the walls;

Much

VARIATIONS.

v. 85.] In the former editions:
'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.
Sir Geo. Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.

IMITATIONS.

v. 79. ------*the loud-compelling Queen.*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, *nephelegereta Zeus.*

REMARKS.

v. 90. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.*] Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compoſe yearly Panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verſes to be ſpoken in the Pageants; but that part of the ſhows being at length frugally aboliſhed, the employment of City-poet ceaſed; ſo that upon Settle's demiſe there was no ſucceſſor to that place.

Much ſhe revolves their arts, their ancient praiſe,
And ſure ſucceſſion down from Heywood's days.
She ſaw with joy the line immortal run,
Each ſire impreſt and glaring in his ſon:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plaſtic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She ſaw old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel ſhine,
And Euſden eke our Blackmore's endleſs line;
She ſaw ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
In each ſhe marks her image full expreſt,
But chief in Bayes's monſter-breeding breaſt;
Bayes,

REMARKS.

v. 98. *John Heywood.*] Whoſe Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

v. 103. ------*old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel.*] The firſt edition had it,

She ſaw in Norton all his father ſhine.

A great miſtake! for Daniel De Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more juſtly is Daniel himſelf made ſucceſſor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verſes as well as politics; as appears by the poem *De Jure Divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by theſe lines in Cowley's Miſcellanies, on the other:

"-----One lately did not fear
" (Without the Muſes' leave) to plant verſe here.
" But it produc'd ſuch baſe, rough, crabbed, hedge-
" Rymes, as e'en ſet the hearer's ears on edge;
" Written by William Pryn, Eſquire, the
" Year of our Lord ſix hundred thirty-three,
" Brave Jerſy Muſe! and he's, for his high ſtyle,
" Call'd to this day the Homer of the Iſle."

And both theſe authors had a reſemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike ſentenced to the pillory.

v. 104. *And Euſden eke out*, &c.] Laurence Euſden, Poet-laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of ſome few only of his works, which are very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his Battle of Poets, ſaith of him,

" Euſden, a laurel'd bard, by Fortune rais'd,
" By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

v. 105. *Like Tate's poor page.*] Nahum Tate was Poet-laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but ſometimes tranſlated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his ſecond part of Abſalom and Ahithophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which ſtrongly ſhine through the inſipidity of the reſt. Something parallel may be obſerved of another author here mentioned.

VARIATIONS.

v. 108. *But chief in* Bayes's, *&c.*] In the former edition thus:

But chief in Tibbald's monſter-breeding breaſt:
Sees gods with dæmons in ſtrange league engage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage,
She ey'd the bard, where ſupperleſs he ſate,
And pin'd, unconſcious of his riſing fate;
Studious he ſate with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.-----

Bayes, form'd by Nature Stage and Town to bleſs,
And act and be a coxcomb with ſucceſs.
Dulneſs with tranſport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembring ſhe herſelf was Pertneſs once.
Now (ſhame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blanck'd his bold viſage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and ſupperleſs the hero ſate,
Blaſphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
Then gnaw'd his pen, then daſht it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt profound!
Plung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere deſpair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play;
Nonſenſe precipitate, like running lead,
That ſlip'd through cracks and zigzags of the head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and ſooterkins of wit.
Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleaſing memory of all he ſtole;
How here he ſip'd, how there he plunder'd ſnug,
And ſuck'd all o'er like an induſtrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes, and here
The frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
There hapleſs Shakeſpeare, yet of Tibbald ſore,
Wiſh'd he had blotted for himſelf before.

REMARKS.

v. 109. *Bayes, form'd by Nature*, &c.] It is hoped the Poet here hath done full juſtice to his Hero's character, which it were a great miſtake to imagine was wholly ſunk in ſtupidity: he is allowed to have ſupported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own deſire, in a letter he wrote to our Author: "Pert and

VARIATIONS.

v. 121. *Round him much embryo*, &c.] In the former edition thus:

He roll'd his eyes, that witneſs'd huge diſmay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whoſe ſize the ſpace exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were ſo good to gild,
Or where, by ſceptre made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf, &c.

IMITATIONS.

Var. *He roll'd his eyes, that witneſs'd huge diſmay.*]

"----round he throws his eyes,
"That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay." *Milt.* Book I.

The progreſs of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progreſs of the Devil in Milton) through a chaos, might probably ſuggeſt this imitation.

The reſt on outſide merit but preſume,
Or ſerve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their ſhelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dreſs'd in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is ſav'd by beauties not his own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf with Ogilby the Great;
There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete:
Here all his ſuff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'ſcape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

But

REMARKS.

"and dull at leaſt you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, "and dull ſtill, and again, and for ever?" He then ſolemnly appealed to his own conſcience, that "he could not think himſelf ſo, or believe that "our Poet did; but that he ſpoke worſe of him than he could poſſibly "think; and concluded it muſt be merely to ſhew his *wit*, or for ſome "*profit* or *lucre* to himſelf." Life of C. C. ch. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. p. 15, 40, 53. And to ſhew his claim to what the Poet was ſo unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *laſt word*; which occaſioned the following epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, though in verſe you foreclose,
I'll have the laſt word; for by G---, I'll write proſe.
Poor Colley! thy reas'ning is none of the ſtrongeſt,
For know, the laſt word is the word that laſts longeſt.

v. 141. *Ogilby the Great.*] "John Ogilby was one who, from a late ini- "tiation into literature, made ſuch a progreſs as might well ſtyle him "the prodigy of his time! ſending into the world ſo many large volumes! "His tranſlations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with ſuch ex- "cellent ſculptures: and (what added great grace to his works) he printed "them all on ſpecial good paper, and in a very good letter." *Winſtanley*, Lives of Poets.

v. 142. *There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete.*] "The "Dutcheſs of Newcaſtle was one who buſied herſelf in the raviſhing delights "of poetry; leaving to poſterity in print three ample volumes of her "ſtudious endeavours." *Winſtanley*, *ibid.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's, which were uſually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

v. 146:----*worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The Poet has mentioned theſe three authors in particular, as they are parellel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City inſtead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occaſions, ſuch as ſhows, birthdays, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy, (though more ſucceſsful,) in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Eſſex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. Theſe

IMITATIONS.

v. 140. In the former edit.
The page admires new beauties not its own.]
"Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma." ----*Virg.* Georg. II.

But, high above, more ſolid learning ſhone,
The Claſſics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton ſlept, with Wynkyn at his ſide,
One claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide;
There, ſav'd by ſpice, like mummies many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning ſhelves Philemon bends.
Of theſe twelve volumes, twelve of ample ſize,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inſpir'd he ſeizes: theſe an altar raiſe;
An hecatomb of pure unſully'd lays
That altar crowns; a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the baſe:
Quartos, Octavos, ſhape the leſs'ning pyre;
A twiſted birth-day ode completes the ſpire.

REMARKS.

Theſe he dreſſed in a ſort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick ſuſtian and thin proſaic; exactly imitated in Parolla and Iſidora, Cæſar in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a ſerving-man of Ben. Johnſon, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from ſome caſt ſcenes of his maſter's, not entirely contemptible.

v. 149. *Caxton.*] A printer in the time of Edward IV. Richard III. and Henry VII. Wynkyn de Worde, his ſucceſſor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII.

v. 153.] Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whoſe works, in five vaſt folios, were printed in 1472.

v. 154.] Philemon Holland, doctor in phyſic. "He tranſlated ſo many "books, that a man would think he had done nothing elſe; inſomuch "that he might be called Tranſlator-General of his age. The books alone "of his turning into Engliſh are ſufficient to make a country gentle-"man a compleat library." *Winſtanley.*

VARIATIONS.

v. 146. In the firſt edit. it was

Well purg'd, and worthy W----y, W----s, and Bl----.

And in the following altered to Wythers, Quarles, and Bloome, on which was the following note:

It was printed in the ſurreptitious editions, W----ly, W----s, who were perſons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life of Chriſt in verſe, the other ſome valuable pieces in the lyric kind, on pious ſubjects. The line is here reſtored according to its original.

"George Wythers was a great pretender to poetical zeal againſt the "vices of the times, and abuſed the greateſt perſonages in power, "which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marſhalſea and "Newgate were no ſtrangers to him." *Winſtanley.* Quarles was a dull writer, but an honeſter man. Bloome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

v. 162. *A twiſted*, &c.] in the former edit.

And laſt, a little Ajax tips the ſpire.

Var.--- *a little Ajax.*] In duodecimo, tranſlated from Sophocles, by Tibbald.

Then he, great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulneſs! whoſe good old cauſe I yet defend,
With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end,
E'er ſince Sir Fopling's periwig was praiſe,
To the laſt honors of the Butt and Bays:
O thou! of bus'neſs the directing ſoul!
To this our head, like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still ſpread a healing miſt before the mind;
And, leſt we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the ſure barrier between that and ſenſe;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang ſome curious cobweb in its ſtead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And pond'rous ſlugs cut ſwiftly through the ſky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me Emptineſs and Dulneſs could inſpire,
And were my elaſticity and fire. Some

IMITATIONS.

v. 166. *With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end.*]
" A te principium, tibi deſinet.----" *Virg.* Ecl. viii.
Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε Μοῦσαι. Theoc.
" Prima dicte mihi, ſumma dicenda Camœna." *Hor.*

VARIATIONS.

v. 177. *Or, if to wit,* &c.] In the former edit.
Ah! ſtill o'er Britain ſtretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne, if Science riſe,
She does but ſhow her coward face, and dies:
There thy good Scholiaſts, with unweary'd pains,
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's ſtrains:
Here ſtudious I unlucky Moderns ſave,
Nor ſleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders nicely ſeek,
And crucify poor Shakeſpeare once a week.
For the ſupplying, in the worſt of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.
Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
My verſe gave ampler leſſons to mankind;
So graveſt precepts may ſucceſsleſs prove,
But ſad examples never fail to move,
As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Some dæmon ſtole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common ſenſe:
Elſe all my proſe and verſe were much the ſame;
This proſe on ſtilts, that poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the ſtage my fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler leſſons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unſucceſsful prove?
The briſk example never fail'd to move.
Yet ſure, had Heav'n decreed to ſave the ſtate,
Heav'n had decreed theſe works a longer date.
Could Troy be ſav'd by any ſingle hand,
This gray-gooſe weapon muſt have made her ſtand.
What can I now? my Fletcher caſt aſide,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidſt the Doctors ſit,
Teach oaths to gameſters, and to nobles wit?
Or bidſt thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the ſame rope at diff'rent ends they twiſt;
To Dulneſs Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.)
Shall I, like Curtius, deſp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geeſe of all their glories,
And cackling ſave the monarchy of Tories?

Hold

VARIATIONS.

ℳ. 195. *Yet ſure had Heav'n*, &c.] In the former edit.
Had Heav'n decreed ſuch works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to ſpare the Grub-ſtreet ſtate,
But ſee great Settle to the duſt deſcend,
And all thy cauſe and empire at a end!
Could Troy be ſav'd,---&c.

IMITATIONS.

ℳ. 195. ---*had Heav'n decreed*, &c.]
" Me ſi cœlicolæ voluiſſent ducere vitam,
" Has mihi ſervaſſent ſedes."---- *Virg.* Æn. II.

ℳ. 197, 198. *Could Troy be ſav'd---This gray-gooſe weapon.*]
"------Si Pergama dextra
Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent." *Virg. ibid.*

ℳ. 202. *This box my thunder, this right hand my God?*]
" Dextra mihi *Deus*, et telum *quod miſſile libro.*"
Virgil, of the Gods of Mezentius.

Hold—to the miniſter I more incline;
To ſerve his cauſe, O Queen! is ſerving thine.
And ſee! thy very Gazetters give o'er;
Even Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourſelf. Still, ſtill remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightneſs to the 'ſquire ſo dear;
This poliſh'd hardneſs that reflects the peer;
This arch abſurd, that wit and fool delights;
This meſs, toſs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown;
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.
O born in ſin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd; (your father's fault;)
Go, purify'd by flames, aſcend the ſky,
My better and more Chriſtian progeny!
Unſtain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden ſheets,
While all your ſmutty ſiſters walk the ſtreets.
Ye ſhall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a paſs and vagrant through the land;
Nor

REMARKS.

v. 231. *----gratis-given Bland,----Sent with a paſs.*] It was a practice ſo to give the daily Gazetter, and miniſterial pamphlets, (in which this B. was a writer,) and to ſend them poſt-free to all the towns in the kingdom.

VARIATIONS.

v. 213. *Hold----to the miniſter.*] in the former edition:
Yes, to my country I my pen conſign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Miſt! am thine.

v. 225. *O born in ſin*, &c.] In the former edition:
Adieu, my Children! better thus expire
Unſtail'd, unſold; thus glorious mount in fire.

IMITATIONS.

v. 229. *Unſtain'd, untouch'd*, &c.]
"--------Felix Priameia virgo!
" Juſſa mori: quæ ſortitus non pertulit ullos,
" Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
" Nos, patria incenſa, diverſa per æquora vectæ," *&c.*
Virg. Æn. III.

Nor ſail with Ward to Ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not ſulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-houſe fire!
Not wrap up oranges to pelt your ſire!
O! paſs more innocent, in infant ſtate,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be bleſt
In Shadwell's boſom with eternal reſt!
Soon to that maſs of nonſenſe to return,
Where things deſtroy'd are ſwept to things unborn.
With that, a tear (protentous ſign of grace!)
Stole from the maſter of the ſev'nfold face;
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the ſtructure with averted eyes;
The rolling ſmoke involves the ſacrifice.
Th' op'ning clouds diſcloſe each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;

REMARKS.

v. 233.------*with Ward to Ape-and-monkey climes.*] "Edward Ward, a "very voluminous poet in Hudibraſtic verſe, but beſt known by the Lon-"don Spy, in proſe. He has of late years kept a public houſe in the City, "(but in a genteel way,) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor, "(ale) afforded his gueſts a pleaſurable entertainment, eſpecially thoſe "of the High-church party." *Jacob*, Lives of Poets, vol. II. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly ſold into the Plantations.----- Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falſity, proteſting that his public-houſe was not in the City, but in Moorfields.

v. 238, 240.---*Tate*----*Shadwell.*] Two of his predeceſſors in the Laurel.

VARIATIONS.

Fair without ſpot, than greas'd by grocers' hands,
Or ſhipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands;
Or wafting ginger, round the ſtreets to run,
And viſit alehouſe, where he firſt begun.
With that he lifted thrice the ſparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c

v. 250. *Now flames the Cid*, &c.] In the former edit.
Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns.

IMITATIONS.

Var. *And viſit alehouſe.*] Waller on the Navy:
Thoſe tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.

v. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand.*] Ovid, or Althæa, on a like occaſion, burning her offspring:
"Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
"Cœpta quater tenuit."

v. 250. *Now flames the Cid*, &c.]
"------Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
"Vulcano ſuperante domos; jam proximus ardet
"Ucalegon."

Great Cæſar roars and hiſſes in the fires;
King John in ſilence modeſtly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old ſtubble in a moment flames.
Tears guſh'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.

Rouz'd by the light, Old Dulneſs heav'd the head,
Then ſnatcht a ſheet of Thulè from her bed;
Sudden ſhe flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
Down ſink the flames, and with a hiſs expire.

Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on ſhrieves and may'rs
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her ſacred dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſs'd his home.
So ſpirits, ending their terreſtrial race,
Aſcend, and recognize their native place.
This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The Clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here ſtood her opium, here ſhe nurs'd her owls,
And here ſhe plan'd th' imperial ſeat of fools.

Here to her choſen all her works ſhe ſhows,
Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, verſe loit'ring into proſe:

How

VARIATIONS.

In one quick flaſh ſee Proſerpine expire,
And laſt, his own cold Æſchylus took fire.
Then guſht the tears, as from the Trojan eyes
When the laſt blaze, &c.

After *v.* 268. In the former editions followed thoſe two lines:

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.

IMITATIONS.

v. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on ſhrieves and may'rs*
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.]
" Alma parens confeſſa deam; qualiſque videri
" Cœlicolis, et quanta ſolet."----- *Virg.* Æn. II.
" Et lætos oculis afflavit honores." Id. Æn. I.

v. 269. *This the Great Mother*, &c.]
" Urbs antiqua fuit----
" Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
" Poſt habita coluiſſe Samo: hic illius arma,
" Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus eſſe
" (Si qua fata ſinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque."
Virg. Æn. I.

How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And theſe to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
Yet holds the eel of ſcience by the tail:
How, with leſs reading than makes felons 'ſcape,
Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A paſt, vamp'd, future, old reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakeſpeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

The goddeſs then o'er his anointed head,
With myſtic words, the ſacred opium ſhed.
And, lo! her bird (a monſter of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heideggre and owl,)

REMARKS.

v. 286.----*Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and ſon to an attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of ſome forgotten plays, tranſlations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called The Cenſor, and a tranſlation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, one hight Whachum, "who, from an under ſpur-leather to the law, is become an under-ſtrapper to the play-houſe, who hath lately burleſqued the Metamorphoſes "of Ovid by a vile tranſlation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called The Cenſor." *Dennis*, Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 9, 10.

v. 286.---*Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go "to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, where ſomebody left him ſomething to live "on, when he ſhall retire from buſineſs. He was deſigned to be ſent to "Cambridge, in order for prieſthood; but he choſe rather to be placed "in an office of accounts in the City, being qualified for the ſame by "his ſkill in arithmetic, and writing the neceſſary hands. He has "obliged the world with many tranſlations of French plays." *Jacob*, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly ſhort of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all ſarcaſms on his learning and genius, by an advertiſement of Sept. 20. 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my learning, "this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole "Bench of Biſhops, not long ago, were pleaſed to give me a purſe of "guineas for diſcovering the erroneous tranſlations of the Common-prayer "in Portugueſe, Spaniſh, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let "Mr. Cleland ſhew better verſes in all Pope's works than Ozell's verſion "of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was ſo pleaſed with, "that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let "him ſhew better and truer poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in "Ozell's Rape of the Bucket, *(la Secchia rapita.)* And Mr. Toland and "Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's tranſlation of Homer to be, as it was prior, ſo likewiſe ſuperior to Pope's.----Surely, ſurely, every "man is free to deſerve well of his country." *John Ozell.*

We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch reverend teſtimonies as thoſe of the Bench of Biſhops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again.
My ſon! the Promis'd Land expects thy reign.
Know Euſden thirſts no more for ſack or praiſe;
He ſleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe where no critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon reſt,
And high-born Howard, more majeſtic fire,
With fool of quality complete the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou his laurel ſhalt ſupport;
Folly, my ſon, haſt ſtill a friend at Court.
Lift up your gates, ye Princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound, ye Viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine,
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my ſons,
Light arm'd with points, antitheſes and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingſgate, my daughters dear
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-ſtreet ſkulk behind the King.

REMARKS.

v. 296.----*Gildon.*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels, of the laſt age, bred at St. Homer's with the Jeſuits; but renouncing Popery, he publiſhed Blount's books againſt the divinity of Chriſt, the oracles of reaſon, &c. He ſignalized himſelf as a critic, having written ſome very bad plays; abuſed Mr. P. very ſcandalouſly in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another called The New Rehearſal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled The Complete Art of Engliſh Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

v. 297.----*Howard.*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the Britiſh Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorſet and Rocheſter, Duke of Buckingham, Mr Waller, &c.

VARIATIONS.

v. 293. *Know Euſden*, &c.] In the former editions:

Know Settle, cloy'd with cuſtard and with praiſe,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days;
Safe where no critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard reſt.
I ſee a king! who leads my choſen ſons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each fam'd Theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bleſs my throne!
I ſee! I ſee!---Then rapt ſhe ſpoke no more.
God ſave King Tibbald! Grub-ſtreet alleys roar.
So when Jove's block, &c.

IMITATIONS.

v. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.*]

"----Quorum imagines lambunt
"Hederæ ſequaces." *Per.*

O! when ſhall riſe a monarch all our own,
And I, a nurſing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people cloſe the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, ſtarve the learned band,
And ſuckle armies, and dry-nurſe the land:
'Till ſenates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be ſleep, as at an ode of thine!"

She ceas'd. Then ſwells the Chapel-royal throat;
God ſave King Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's, God ſave King Colley! cries;
God ſave King Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the laſt echoes roll,
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block deſcended from on high
(As ſings thy great forefather Ogilby)
Loud thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave King Log!

REMARKS.

v. 324. *But pious Needham.*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whoſe conſtant prayer it was that ſhe might "get "enough by her profeſſion to leave it off in time, and make her peace "with God." But her fate was not ſo happy; for being convicted, and ſet in the pillory, ſhe was (to the laſting ſhame of all her great friends and votaries) ſo ill uſed by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

IMITATIONS.

v. 311. *O! when ſhall riſe a monarch*, &c.] Boileau, Lutrin, chant ii.
"Helas! qu'eſt devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
"Ou les rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans." *&c.*

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

THE King being proclaimed, the ſolemnity is graced with public games and ſports of various kinds; not inſtituted by the Hero, as by Aenias in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddeſs in perſon (in like manner as the games Pithia, Iſthmia, &c. were anciently ſaid to be ordained by the gods; and as Thetis herſelf appearing, according to Homer, Odyſſey XXIV. propoſed the prizes in honour of her ſon Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but juſt, with their Patrons and Bookſellers. The Goddeſs is firſt pleaſed, for her diſport, to propoſe games to the Bookſellers, and ſetteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races deſcribed, with their divers accidents. Next the game for a Poeteſs. Then follow the exerciſes for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the firſt holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the ſecond of Diſputants and fuſtian Poets, the third of Profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Laſtly, for the Critics the Goddeſs propoſes (with great propriety) an exerciſe, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verſe and the other in proſe, deliberately read, without ſleeping; the various effects of which, with the ſeveral degrees and manners of their operation, are here ſet forth, till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of Spectators, Actors, and all preſent, fall faſt aſleep; which naturally and neceſſarily ends the Games.

HIGH on a gorgeous ſeat, that far outſhone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,
Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden ſhow'rs,
Great Cibber ſate: the proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
The conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers ſhine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulneſs, and new bronze their face.
So

REMARKS.

v. 2.---*or Fleckno's Iriſh throne.*] Richard Fleckno was an Iriſh prieſt, but had laid aſide (as himſelf expreſſed it) the mechanic part of prieſthood. He printed ſome plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our Author took occaſion to mention him in reſpect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears ſome reſemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the *Defait de Bouts rimees* of Sarazin.

IMITATIONS.

v. 1. *High on a gorgeous ſeat.*] Parody of Milton, Book II.

" High on a throne of royal ſtate, that far
" Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.
" Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
" Show'rs on her kings Babaric pearl and gold,
" Satan exalted ſate."------

So from the ſun's broad beam, in ſhallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling ſparks draw light, and point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet hats wide waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,
Thron'd on ſeven hills, the antichriſt of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her ſons, proclaims
By herald hawkers high heroic games.
They ſummon all her race: an endleſs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In ſilks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horſe, on foot, in hacks and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cauſe appear'd,
And all who knew thoſe Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their ſtand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (ſo Anne and Piety ordain)
A church collects the ſaints of Drury-lane.

With authors, ſtationers obey'd the call;
(The field of glory is a field for all:)
Glory and gain th' induſtrious tribe provoke,
And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.
A poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimbleſt racer ſeize the prize:

No

REMARKS.

v. 15. *Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and ſung to it twenty-thouſand verſes of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jeſt which the court of Rome and the Pope himſelf entered into ſo far, as to cauſe him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a ſolemn feſtival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the poet himſelf was ſo tranſported as to weep for joy*. He was ever after a conſtant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verſes without number. Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. xxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada in his Proluſions.

IMITATIONS.

v. 35. *A poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes.*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æn. X.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

No meagre, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin;
But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarv'ling bards of theſe degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes ſhe window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs, idol, void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool ſo juſt a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics ſaid, and courtiers ſwore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.
All gaze with ardour: ſome a poet's name,
Other's a ſword-knot and lac'd ſuit inflame:
But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe,
"This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes;
"With me began this genius, and ſhall end."
He ſpoke, and who with Lintot ſhall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear,
Stood dauntleſs Curl: "Behold that rival here!

"The

REMARKS.

v. 53. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the Epiſode of the Bookſellers; perſons, whoſe names being more known and famous in the learned world than thoſe of the authors in this Poem, do therefore need leſs explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here, imitates that of Dares in Virgil, riſing juſt in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookſeller printed the Rival Modes before mentioned.

v. 58. *Stood dauntleſs Curl.*] We come now to a character of much reſpect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is

IMITATIONS.

"Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem *ſine viribus umbram*
"In faciem Aeneæ (viſu mirabile monſtrum!)
"Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
"Divini aſſimilat capitis------
"--------Dat *inania verba*,
"Dat *ſine mente ſonum*------"

The reader will obſerve how exactly ſome of theſe verſes ſuit with their allegorical application here to a plagiary. There ſeems to me a great propriety in this Epiſode, where ſuch an one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the graſp of the expecting bookſeller.

v. 39. *But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe.*]
"Vix illud lecti bis ſex------
"Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."

Virg. Æn. XII.

" The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
" So take the hindmoſt, Hell," he ſaid, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and outſtript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copſe
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure ſpread,

REMARKS.

is the beſt praiſe of them, we ſhall only ſay of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed himſelf of a command over all authors whatever; he cauſed them to write what he pleaſed; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among theſe, he was taken notice of by the ſtate, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of diſtinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all poſſible dignity: he ſpeaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the ſwift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Niſus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praiſes) he is favoured of the gods: he ſays but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddeſs conveys it to the ſeat of Jupiter. Though he loſes the prize, he gains the victory: the Great Mother herſelf comforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe honours him with an immortal preſent (ſuch as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once inſtructive and prophetical. After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our Author here pays him is a grateful return for ſeveral unmerited obligations: many weighty animadverſions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private perſons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verſes to any other, he owed Mr. Curl ſome thouſands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings; witneſs innumerable inſtances: but it ſhall ſuffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publiſh as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being firſt threatened, and

IMITATIONS.

v. 60. *So take the hindmoſt, Hell.*]
" Occupet extremum ſcabies; mihi turpe relinqui eſt."
Hor. de Arte.

v. 61, &c.] Something like this is in Homer, Iliad X. ver 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the ſame author in his ſimilies are alſo imitated in the two following; the firſt, of the Bailiff, is ſhort, unadorned (and as the critics well know) from familiar life; the ſecond, of the Water-fowl, more extended, pictureſque, and from rural life. The 59th verſe is likewiſe a literal tranſlation of one in Homer.

v. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops; So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head.*]
" ------So eagerly the Fiend
" O'er bog, o'er ſteep, thro' ſtreight, rough, denſe, or rare,
" With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way,
" And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."
Milton, Book II.

With arms expanded, Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her ev'ning cate before his neighbour's ſhop;)
Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obſcene with filth the miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid:
Then firſt (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.
Hear, Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adore,
As much at leaſt as any god's, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
A place there is betwixt earth, air, and ſeas,
Where from ambroſia, Jove retires for eaſe.

REMARKS.

and afterwards puniſhed for it by Mr. Pope, he generouſly transferred it from her to him, and ever ſince printed it in his name. The ſingle time that ever he ſpoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours ſince received from him: ſo true is the ſaying of Dr. Sydenham, "That any one ſhall be, at ſome time or other, the better or the worſe for having but ſeen or ſpoken to a good or bad man."

v. 70.---*Curl's Corinna.*] This name, it ſeems, was taken by one Mrs. T------, who procured ſome private letters of Mr. Pope, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and ſold them without the conſent of either of thoſe gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He diſcovered her to be the publiſher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which thoſe letters got abroad, which the author was aſhamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excuſable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

IMITATIONS.

v. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his ſtate, And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.*]

Milton, of the motion of the ſwan,
"------rows
"His ſtate with oary feet."

And Dryden, of another's---*With two left legs*---

v. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide.*]
"Labitur infelix, cæſis ut forte juvencis
"Fuſus humum, viridiſque ſuper made fecerat herbas
"Concidit, immundoque ſimo, ſacroque cruore."
Virg. Æn. V. of Niſus.

v. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!*]
"------Ut littus, Hyla! Hyla! omne ſonaret." *Virg. Ecl.* vi.

v. 83. *A place there is betwixt earth, air, and ſeas.*]
"Orbe locus medio eſt, inter terraſque, freturnque,
"Coeleſteſque plagas.--- *Ovid.* Met. xii.

There in his ſeat, two ſpacious vents appear;
On this he ſits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eaſtern, ſome a weſtern wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the ſky,
With reams abundant this abode ſupply:
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods diſtils.
In office here fair Cloacina ſtands,
And miniſters to Jove with pureſt hands.
Forth from the heap ſhe pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a diſtinction rare!
Oft had the Goddeſs heard her ſervants call,
From her black grottoes near the Temple-wall,
Liſt'ning delighted to the jeſt unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obſcene;
Where as he fiſh'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the courſe,
Vig'rous he riſes; from th' effluvia ſtrong
Imbibes new life, and ſcours and ſtinks along;
Repaſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.
And now the victor ſtretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand;
A ſhapeleſs ſhade, it melted from his ſight,
Like forms in clouds, or viſions of the night.
To ſeize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverſe, toſs'd in air;

IMITATIONS.

v. 108. *Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.*]
" ------Faciem oſtentabat, et udo
" Turpia membra fimo."--- *Virg.* Æn. V.

v. 111. *A ſhapeleſs ſhade*, &c.]
" ---Effugit imago
" Par levibus ventis, volucrique ſimillima ſomno."
Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 114. *His papers light, fly diverſe, toſs'd in air.*] Virgil, Æn. VI. of the Sibyl's Leaves:
" Carmina---
" Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis."

Songs, ſonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whiſk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd ſuit at leaſt he deem'd his prey,
That ſuit an unpaid taylor ſnatch'd away.
No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once ſo flutter'd, and that once ſo writ.

Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulneſs, good Queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-ſtreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior:
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: deluſive thought!
Breval, Bond, Beſaleel, the varlets caught.
Curl ſtretches after Gay, but Gay is gone;
He graſps an empty Joſeph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler ſhape,
Became, when ſeiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddeſs: Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illuſion on the Town.
As the ſage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of toaſts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapleſs Monſieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Dutcheſſes and Lady Maries;)
Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
Cook ſhall be Prior, and Concanen Swift:

So

REMARKS.

v. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of thoſe perſons whoſe writings, epigrams, or jeſts, he had owned.

v. 124.---*like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior.*] Theſe authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach poſterity, we ſhall not give any account of them, but proceed to thoſe of whom it is neceſſary.---Beſaleel Morris was author of ſome ſatires on the tranſlators of Homer, with many other things printed in newſpapers---" Bond writ a ſatire againſt Mr. P----. Capt. " Breval was author of The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic per- " formance, to expoſe Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and ſome ladies " of quality," ſays Curl, Key, p. 11.

v. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Bookſellers, and printers of much anonymous ſtuff.

v. 128. *Joſeph Gay.*] A fictitious name put by Curl before ſeveral pamphlets, which made them paſs with many for Mr. Gay's.---The ambiguity of the word *Joſeph*, which likewiſe ſignifies a looſe upper coat, gives much pleaſantry to the idea.

v. 138. *Cook ſhall be Prior.*] The man here ſpecified writ a thing called the Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welſted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He alſo publiſhed ſome malevolent things in the Britiſh, London, and Daily Journals: and, at the ſame time, wrote

So ſhall each hoſtile name become our own,
And we, too, boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.
With that ſhe gave him (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)
A ſhaggy tapeſtry, worthy to be ſpread
On Codrus' old or Dunton's modern bed:
Inſtructive work! whoſe wry-mouth'd portraiture
Diſplay'd the fates her confeſſors endure.
Earleſs on high ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below:
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue.
Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,

REMARKS.

letters to Mr. Pope, proteſting his innocence. His chief work was a tranſlation of Heſiod, to which Theobald wrote notes, and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ibid.---*and Concanen Swift.*] In the firſt edition of this Poem there were only aſteriſks in this place; but the names were ſince inſerted, merely to fill up the verſe, and give eaſe to the ear of the reader.

v. 144.---*Dunton's modern bed.*] John Dunton was a broken Bookſeller, and abuſive ſcribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent ſatire on ſome miniſters of ſtate; a libel on the Duke of Devonſhire and the Biſhop of Peterborough, &c.

v. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge.*] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a Weekly Paper called The Obſervator: he was ſentenced to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the Weſt of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Q. Anne.

v. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the Flying-poſt, and Poſt-boy, two ſcandalous papers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgelled, and were ſo.

v. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies.*] The hiſtory of Curl's being toſſed in a blanket, and whipped by the ſcholars of Weſtminſter, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, ſee a full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edmund Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies.

IMITATIONS.

v. 141, 142.---*(piteous of his caſe,*
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)]
"-------Riſit pater optimus illi.---
" Me liceat caſum miſereri inſontis amici---
" Sic fatus, tergum Gaetuli immane leonis," &c.
Virg. Æn. V.

v. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies.*]
" See quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis---
" Conſtitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
" Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?" *Virg.* Æn. I.

And oh! (he cry'd) what ſtreet, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours ſhall be ſeen,
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt;
Fair as before her works ſhe ſtands confeſs'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dreſs'd.
The Goddeſs then: "Who beſt can ſend on high
"The ſalient ſpout, far-ſtreaming to the ſky,
"His be yon Juno of majeſtic ſize,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China jordan let the chief o'ercome
"Repleniſh, not inglorioufly, at home."
Oſborne

REMARKS.

v. 157. *See in the circle next Eliza plac'd.*] Eliza Haywood: this woman was authoreſs of thoſe moſt ſcandalous books called, The Court of Carimania, and The New Utopia. For the Two Babes of Love, ſee Curl, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleaſed to throw upon this Lady, ſurely it was what from him ſhe little deſerved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herſelf "to "be ſo perfectly acquainted with the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, and "that tenderneſs with which he conſidered the errors of his fellow-crea-"tures, that, though ſhe ſhould find the little inadvertencies of her own "life recorded in his papers, ſhe was certain it would be done in ſuch a "manner as ſhe could not but approve." Mrs. Haywood, Hiſt. of Car. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

v. 160. *Kirkall.*] The name of an engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dreſſed up before them.

IMITATIONS.

v. 156. *And the freſh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody of theſe lines of a late noble author:

"His bleeding arm had furniſh'd all the rooms,
"And run for ever purple in the looms."

v. 158. *Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt.*]

"Creſſa genus, Pholoe, geminique ſub ubere nati."
Virg. Æn. V.

v. 163. *---yon Juno*
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]
In alluſion to Homer's *Boopis*, &c.

v. 165. *This China jordan.*]

"Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito." *Virg.* Æn. VI.

In the games of Homer, Iliad XXIII. there are ſet together as prizes, a lady and a kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which Madame Dacier is juſtly diſpleaſed. Mrs. H. is here treated with diſtinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

Oſborne and Curl accept the glorious ſtrife;
(Tho' this his ſon diſſuades, and that his wife.)
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and ſuperior ſize.
Firſt Oſborne lean'd againſt his letter'd poſt;
It roſe, and labour'd to a curve at moſt.
So Jove's bright bow diſplays its wat'ry round,
(Sure ſign that no ſpectator ſhall be drown'd.)
A ſecond effort brought but new diſgrace,
The wild meander waſh'd the artiſt's face;
Thus the ſmall jet, which haſty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not ſo from ſhameleſs Curl; impetuous ſpread
The ſtream, and ſmoking flouriſh'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain ſcorns;

Through

REMARKS.

v. 167. *Oſborne, Thomas.*] A Bookſeller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here inſtead of a leſs-deſerving predeceſſor. This man publiſhed advertiſements for a year together, pretending to ſell Mr. Pope's ſubſcription-books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the ſize of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper plates, on a worſe paper, and never above half the value. Upon

IMITATIONS.

v. 169. 170. *One on his manly confidence relies, One on his vigour.*]
" Ille---melio motu, fretuſque juventa;
" Hic membris et mole valens." *Virg. Æn.* V.

v. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow--- Sure ſign*]
The words of Homer, of the rain-bow, in Iliad XI.

——ἅς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νέφεϊ σ῎ηριξ ετέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

Que le fils de Saturne a fondez dans les nues, pour etre dans tous les ages une ſigne a tous les mortels. *Dacier.*

v. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus.*]
Virgil mentions theſe two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. IV.
" Et gemina auratus taurina *cornua* vultu,
" Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
" In mare purpureum *violentior* influit amnis."
The poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed thro' the ſkies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:
" Heav'n her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
" Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer currents loſt,
" Thy nobler ſtream ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
" To ſhine among the ſtars, and bathe the gods."

Through half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their paſſage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'ſt, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, ſoft-ſmiling, lead'ſt away.
Oſborne, through perfect modeſty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.
But now for authors nobler palms remain:
Room for my Lord! three jockies in his train;
Six huntſmen with a ſhout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonſenſe with a ſtare.
His honour's meaning Dulneſs thus expreſt:
"He wins this patron who can tickle beſt."
He chinks his purſe, and takes his ſeat of ſtate:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dext'rous taſk commence,
And, inſtant, Fancy feels th' imputed ſenſe;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He ſtruts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;
Then his nice taſte directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with claſſic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator burſts out in tropes.

But

REMARKS.

Upon this advertiſement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739: "How melancholy muſt it be to a writer to be ſo unhappy as to ſee his "works hawked for ſale in a manner ſo fatal to his fame! How, with "honour to yourſelf, and juſtice to your ſubſcribers, can this be done? "What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honeſt poet that lived "in 1738! and than whom Virtue has not had a ſhriller trumpeter for "many ages! That you were once generally admired and eſteemed can "be denied by none; but that you and your works are now deſpiſed is veri-"fied by this fact:" which being utterly falſe, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this juſt chaſtiſement on the bookſeller.

v. 203.] Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to ſome fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

v. 205. *Bentley his mouth*, &c.] Not ſpoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a ſmall critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the miniſtry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reaſon the little one was dedicated to his ſon the Lord Harley.

But Welſted moſt the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his ſoft-giving palm.
Unlucky Welſted! thy unfeeling maſter,
The more thou tickleſt, gripes his fiſt the faſter.
While thus each hand promotes the pleaſing pain,
And quick ſenſations ſkip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in deſpair,
Puts his laſt refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her ſiſter ſends, her vot'reſs from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's ſecretary.
Now turn to diff'rent ſports (the Goddeſs cries)
And learn my ſons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noiſe,
To move, to raiſe, to raviſh ev'ry heart.
With Shakeſpeare's nature, or with Johnſon's art,
Let

REMARKS.

v. 207.—*Welſted.*] Leonard Welſted, author of The Triumvirate; or, A Letter in verſe from Palaemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a ſatire on Mr. P. and ſome of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: and there was another in praiſe either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W. characteriſed in the treatiſe *Peri Bathous*, or, The Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is ſaid to be this perſon, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728.

He was alſo characteriſed under another animal, a mole, by the author of the enſuing ſimile, which was handed about at the ſame time:

"Dear Welſted, mark, in dirty hole,
"That painful animal, a mole:
"Above ground never born to grow,
"What mighty ſtir it keeps below!
"To make a mole-hill all this ſtrife!
"It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
"How proud a little dirt to ſpread,
"Conſcious of nothing o'er its head!
"'Till lab'ring on for want of eyes,
"It blunders into light, and dies."

You have him again in Book III. ver. 169.

VARIATIONS.

v. 207.] In the firſt edition:

But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

IMITATIONS.

v. 223, 225. *To move, to raiſe, &c.*

Let others aim; 'tis yours to ſhake, &c.]

Let other's aim; 'tis yours to ſhake the ſoul
With thunder rumbling from the muſtard bowl;
With horns and trumpets now to madneſs ſwell,
Now ſink in ſorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command
When fancy flags, and ſenſe is at a ſtand.
Improve we theſe. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him whoſe chatt'ring ſhames the monkey tribe;
And his this drum, whoſe hoarſe heroic baſe
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying aſs.
Now thouſand tongues are heard in one loud din;
The monkey-mimics ruſh diſcordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And noiſe and Norton, brangling and Breval,
Dennis and diſſonance, and captious Art,
And ſnip-ſnap ſhort, and interruption ſmart,
And demonſtration thin, and theſes thick,
And major, minor, and concluſions quick.
Hold, (cry'd the Queen) a cat-call each ſhall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-diſputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
A moan ſo loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore ſighs Sir Gilbert, ſtarting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So ſwells each wind-pipe; aſs intones to aſs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs;

Such

REMARKS.

v. 238.---*Norton.*] See ver. 415.---J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and ſome poems.

IMITATIONS.

" Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius aera,
" Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, *&c.*
" Tu regere imperio populos Romane, memento,
" Hae tibi erunt artes."---

v. 243.---*A cat-call each ſhall win*, &c.]
" Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
" Et vitula tu dignus, et hic." *Virg.* Ecl. III.

v. 247. *As when the*, &c.] A ſimile, with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthuſiaſt blows,
High ſound, attemper'd to the vocal noſe;
Or ſuch as bellow from the deep divine;
There, Webſter! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield!
But far o'er all, ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain; [thine:
Walls, ſteeples, ſkies, bray back to him again.
In Tot'nam-fields the Brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.
This labour paſt, by Bridewell all deſcend,
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end)
To where Fleet-ditch, with diſemboguing ſtreams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no ſluice of mud
With deeper ſable blots the ſilver flood.

REMARKS.

v. 258.---*Webſter*---*and*, *Whitefield.*] The one the writer of a newſpaper, called, The Weekly Miſcellany; the other a field-preacher. *This* thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of ſpiritual madneſs; *that* by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuſe all the ſober clergy. From the ſmall ſucceſs of theſe two extraordinary perſons, we may learn how little hurtful bigotry and enthuſiaſm are, while the civil magiſtrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it againſt the other.

IMITATIONS.

v. 260.---*bray back to him again.*] A figure of ſpeech taken from Virgil:

" Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit." Georg. III.

" He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
" While neighb'ring hills *low* back to them again." *Cowley.*

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the ſound of *armour*, *war*, &c. In imitation of him, and ſtrengthened by his authority, our Author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.

v. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!*]

" Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca." *Virg.* Ecl. viii.

The progreſs of the ſound from place to place, and the ſcenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Weſtminſter-hall, and Hungerford-ſtairs, are imitated from Virgil, Æn. VII. on the ſounding the horn of Alecto:

" Audiit et Triviae longe lacus, audiit amnis
" Sulphurea Nar albus aqua fonteſque Velini," &c.

v. 273. *The king of dykes!* &c.]

" Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
" ---Quo non arduus, per pinguia culta,
" In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis." *Virg.*

" Here ſtrip, my Children! here at once leap in,
" Here prove who beſt can daſh thro' thick and thin,
" And who the moſt in love of dirt excel,
" Or dark dexterity of groping well:
" Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes around
" The ſtream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
" A pig of Lead to him who dives the beſt;
" A peck of Coals a-piece ſhall glad the reſt."
In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And Milo-like ſurveys his arms and hands;
Then ſighing, thus, " And am I now threeſcore?
" Ah, why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four?"
He ſaid, and climb'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd downright:
The ſenior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to ſink the deeper roſe the higher.

He

REMARKS.

v. 283. *In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands.*] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the moſt ancient critic of our nation; an unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. Addiſon in his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, whom alſo, in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and in p. 304, is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt that Mr. Addiſon himſelf writ that Tatler, No. 43, which ſays of his own ſimile, that " It is as great as ever entered into the mind " of man. " In poetry he was not ſo happy as laborious, and is there- " fore characterized by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of Omicron, the " unborn poet." Curl, Key, p. 13. " He writ dramatic works, and a " volume of poetry conſiſting of Heroic Epiſtles, &c. ſome whereof are " very well done," ſaid that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, Vol. II. p. 303.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a perverter of hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical Hiſtory of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Biſhop Kennet, in publiſhing the hiſtorians in his Collection, he falſified Daniel's Chronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the firſt of theſe books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent perſons of falſifying the Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory; which fact has been diſproved by Dr. Atterbury, late biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falſified produced ſince, after almoſt ninety years, in that noble author's original manuſcript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place, which he enjoyed to his death.

IMITATIONS.

v. 285. *Then ſighing, thus, And am I now threeſcore?* &c.]

" ---Fletque Milon ſenior, cum ſpectat inanes
" Herculeis ſimiles, fluidos pendere laceſtos." *Ovid.*

Next Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds through all the coaſt.
Then * eſſay'd; ſcarce vaniſht out of ſight,
He buoys up inſtant, and returns to light;
He bears no tokens of the ſabler ſtreams,
And mounts far off among the ſwans of Thames.
True to the bottom, ſee Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep;
If perſeverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies;

No

REMARKS.

v. 291. *Next Smedley div'd.*] In the ſurreptitious editions this whole epiſode was applied to an initial letter E---, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more abſurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a perſon dipped in ſcandal, and deeply immerſed in dirty work: whereas Mr. Euſden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing elſe in Book I. v. 102. But the perſon here mentioned, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſher of many ſcurrilous pieces, in a Weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingſgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

v. 295. *Then * eſſay'd.*] A gentleman of genius and ſpirit, who was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of this kind, on whom our Poet beſtows a panegyric inſtead of a ſatire, as deſerving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and perſonal invectives.

v. 299. *Concanen.*] Matthew Concanen, an Iriſhman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, p. 7, accuſes him of, "having boaſted of what he had not "written, but others had reviſed and done for him." He was author of ſeveral dull and dead ſcurrilities in the Britiſh and London Journals, and in a paper called, The Speculatiſt. In a pamphlet, called, A Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verſes (for which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but thoſe of the Duke of Buckingham and others: to this rare piece ſome body humouroufly cauſed him to take for his motto, *De profundis.*

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 298. In the firſt edit. followed theſe,
Far worſe unhappy D---r ſucceeds,
He ſearch'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

IMITATIONS.

v. 293.---*And call on Smedley loſt*, &c.]
"Alcides wept in vain for Hylas loſt,
"Hylas, in vain, reſounds through all the coaſt."
Lord Roſcom. Tranſlat. of Ecl. vi. of Virgil.

v. 302. *Not everlaſting Blackmore.*]
"Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori," &c. *Virg.* Æn.

No noiſe, no ſtir, no motion canſt thou make,
Th' unconſcious ſtream ſleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſp'rate pack,
With each a ſickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Oſborne, ſtupify'd to ſtone!
And monumental braſs this record bears,
"These are, ah no! theſe were the Gazetteers!"
Not ſo bold Arnall; with a weight of ſcull
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arms inveſt,
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance;
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.
The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.

When

REMARKS.

fundis clamavi. He was ſince a hired ſcribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingſgate againſt the Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which this man was ſurpriſingly premoted to adminiſter juſtice and law in Jamaica.

v. 312.---*Oſborne.*] A name aſſumed by the eldeſt and graveſt of theſe writers, who at laſt, being aſhamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and remained ſilent.

v. 315. *Arnall.*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this ſort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers; then ſucceeded Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the firſt publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter profeſſing his deteſtation of ſuch practices as his predeceſſors. But ſince, by the moſt unexampled inſolence, and perſonal abuſe of ſeveral great men, the Poet's particular friends, he moſt amply deſerved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: witneſs a paper called The Free Briton; a Dedication intitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himſelf upon it; not indeed without cauſe, it appearing that he received "For Free "Britons, and other writings, in the ſpace of four years, no leſs than ten "thouſand nine hundred and ninety-ſeven pounds ſix ſhillings and eight-"pence out of the Treaſury." But frequently through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commiſſion, and obliged his honourable patron to diſavow his ſcurrilities.

v. 323. *The plunging Prelate*, &c.] It having been invidiouſly inſinuated that by this title was meant a truly great prelate, as reſpectable for his defence of the preſent balance of power in the Civil conſtitution, as for his

When lo! a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood,
Slow roſe a form in majeſty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his ſable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
  Firſt he relates how, ſinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs ſuck'd him in;
How young Lutetia, ſofter than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was raviſh'd long ago.
Then ſung, how ſhown him by the Nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here riſes from the ſhades,
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's ſtreams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
(As under ſeas Alpheus' ſecret ſluice
Bears Piſſa's offerings to his Arethuſe)
Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here briſker vapours o'er the Temple creep;
There all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and ſleep.
  Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repoſe
They led him ſoft; each rev'rend bard aroſe;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt.

REMARKS.

his oppoſition to the ſcheme of no power at all in the Religious, I owe ſo much to the memory of my deceaſed friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this inſinuation, he called it vile and malicious: as any candid man, he ſaid, might underſtand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the Poem.

v. 349. *And Milbourn.*] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the faireſt of critics; who, when he wrote againſt Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him juſtice in printing at the ſame time his own tranſlations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great reſemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad againſt our Author, as will be ſeen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him.

IMITATIONS.

v. 329. *Greater he looks and more than mortal ſtares.*]
Virg. Æn. VI. of the Sibyl:
" ---majorque videri,
" Nec mortale ſonans"---

v. 347. *Thence to the banks*, &c.]
" Tum canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum,
" Utque viro Phoebi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis;

" Receive (he ſaid) theſe robes which once were mine;
" Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound divine."
He ceas'd, and ſpread the robe; the crowd confeſs
The rev'rend flamen in his lengthen'd dreſs.
Around him wide a ſable army ſtand,
A low-born, cell-bred, ſelfiſh, ſervile band,
Prompt or to guard or ſtab, or ſaint or damn;
Heav'n's Swiſs, who fight for any god or man.
Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
Rolls the black troop, and overſhades the ſtreet, [Fleet,
Till ſhow'rs of ſermons, characters, eſſays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, repleniſh'd from ſome bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and deſcend in ſnow.
Here ſtopt the Goddeſs; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.
" Ye Critics! in whoſe heads, as equal ſcales,
" I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails;
" Which moſt conduce to ſoothe the ſoul in ſlumbers,
" My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
" Attend the trial we propoſe to make:
" If there be man who o'er ſuch works can wake,
" Sleep's all-ſubduing charms who dares defy,
" And boaſts Ulyſſes' ear with Argus' eye;
" To him we grant our ampleſt pow'rs to ſit
" Judge of all preſent, paſt, and future wit;
" To cavil, cenſure, dictate, right or wrong,
" Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three college ſophs, and three pert Templars came,
The ſame their talents, and their taſtes the ſame;
Each prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
And ſmit with love of poeſy and prate.

The

IMITATIONS.

" Ut Linus haec illi divino carmine paſtor,
" Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
" Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Muſæ,
" Aſcræo quos ante ſeni"---&c.

v. 380, 381. *The ſame their talents,---Each prompt*, &c.]
" Ambo florentes aetatibus, Arcades ambo,
" Et certare pares, et reſpondere parati." *Virg.* Ecl. vi.

The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is huſh'd with mugs of mum,
Till all tun'd equal ſend a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping words on words the ſenſe compoſe,
At ev'ry line they ſtretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to ſoft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they ceaſe to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pauſe, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this ſide, now to that they nod,
As verſe, or proſe, infuſe the drowſy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak, but thrice ſuppreſt
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breaſt.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer,
Yet ſilent bow'd to *Chriſt's no kingdom here.*

REMARKS.

v. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak.*] Famous for his ſpeeches on many occaſions about the South-ſea ſcheme, *&c.* "He is a very ingenious gen-"tleman, and hath written ſome excellent Epilogues to plays, and one "ſmall piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, Vol. II. p. 289. But this gentleman ſince made himſelf much more emi-nent, and perſonally well known to the greateſt ſtateſmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

v. 399. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two perſons, not ſo happy as to be obſcure, who writ againſt the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the Atheiſt's Liturgy, called *Pantheiſticon*, was a ſpy in pay to Lord Ox-ford. Tindal was author of The Rights of the Chriſtian Church, and Chriſtanity as old as the Creation. He alſo wrote an abuſive pamphlet againſt Earl S---, which was ſuppreſſed while yet in MS. by an eminent perſon, then out of the miniſtry, to whom he ſhewed it, expecting his ap-probation. This Doctor afterwards publiſhed the ſame piece, *mutatis mu-tandis*, againſt that very perſon.

VARIATIONS.

v. 399. In the firſt edition it was,
Collins and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer.

IMITATIONS.

v. 382. *And ſmit with love of poeſy and prate.*]
"Smit with the love of ſacred ſong— *Milton.*

v. 384. *The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.*]
"Conſedere duces, et vulgi ſtante corona."
Ovid. Met. XIII.

Who ſat the neareſt, by the words o'ercome,
Slept firſt; the diſtant nodded to the hum,
Then down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring ſeals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle firſt and then a ſecond makes;
What Dulneſs dropt among her ſons impreſt
Like motion from one circle to the reſt:
So from the midmoſt the nutation ſpreads
Round and more round, o'er all the *ſea of heads.*
At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale.
Boyer the ſtate, and Law the ſtage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Oſtrœa ſprung,
Bleſs'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
Hung ſilent down his never-bluſhing head,
And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.

REMARKS.

v. 411. *Centlivre.*] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majeſty. She writ many plays, and a ſong (ſays Mr. Jacob, Vol. I. p. 32.) before ſhe was ſeven years old. She alſo writ a ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Homer before he began it.

v. 413. *Boyer the ſtate, and Law the ſtage gave o'er.*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.---William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal againſt the ſtage; Mr. Dennis anſwered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726.

v. 414. *Morgan.*] A writer againſt religion, diſtinguiſhed no otherwiſe from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompouſneſs of his title; for having ſtolen his morality from Tindal, and his philoſophy from Spinoza, he calls himſelf by the courteſy of England, a Moral Philoſopher.

Ibid. ---*Mandeville.*] This writer, who prided himſelf as much in the reputation of an immoral philoſopher, was author of a famous book called The Fable of the Bees: written to prove, That moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Chriſtian virtue the impoſition of fools; and that vice is neceſſary, and alone ſufficient, to render ſociety flouriſhing and happy.

v. 415. *Norton.*] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel; *Fortes creantur fortibus:* one of the authors of the Flying Poſt, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had ſometime the honour to be abuſed with his betters, and of many hired ſcurrilities, and daily papers, to which he never ſet his name.

VARIATIONS.

v. 413.] In the firſt edition it was,

T---s and T--- the church and ſtate gave o'er,
Nor ** talk'd, nor S—— whiſper'd more:

IMITATIONS.

v. 418. *And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verſe in the Indian Emperor:

"All things are huſh'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead,"

Thus the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, poets lay.
Why ſhould I ſing what bards the nightly Muſe
Did ſlumb'ring viſit, and convey to ſtews;
Who prouder march'd, with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a prieſt in drink;
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe retreat?

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

AFTER the other perſons are diſpoſed in their proper places of reſt, the Goddeſs tranſports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to ſlumber with his head on her lap; a poſition of marvellous virtue, which cauſes all the viſions of wild enthuſiaſts, projectors, politicians, inamoratoes, caſtle-builders, chemiſts, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical ſibyl to the Elyſian ſhade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the ſouls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghoſt of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with thoſe which he himſelf is deſtined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Viſion, from whence he ſhews him the paſt triumphs of the Empire of Dulneſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future: how ſmall a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how ſoon thoſe conqueſts were ſtopped, and thoſe very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then diſtinguiſhing the iſland of Great Britain, ſhews by what aids, by what perſons, and by what degrees, it ſhall be brought to her empire. Some of the perſons he cauſes to paſs in review before his eyes, deſcribing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a ſudden the ſcene ſhifts, and a vaſt number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly ſurpriſing and unknown to the King himſelf, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this ſubject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of theſe. He prophecies how firſt the nation ſhall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the throne of Dulneſs ſhall be advanced over the Theatres, and ſet up even at Court: then how her ſons ſhall preſide in the ſeats of Arts and Sciences; giving a glimpſe, or Piſgah ſight, of the future fulneſs of her glory, the accompliſhment whereof is the ſubject of the Fourth and laſt Book.

BUT in her Temple's laſt receſs inclos'd,
On Dulneſs' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him cloſe ſhe curtains round with vapours blue,
And ſoft beſprinkles with Cimmerian dew:
Then raptures high the ſeat of ſenſe o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reaſon know.
Hence from the ſtraw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradiſe, the ſtateſman's ſcheme,
The air-built caſtle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wiſh, the chemiſt's flame,
And poet's viſion of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's eaſy wing convey'd,
The king deſcending, views th' Elyſian ſhade.

A ſlip-

IMITATIONS.

v. 7, 8. *Hence from the ſtraw where Bedlam's prophet nods,*
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods.]
"Et varias audit voces, fruiturque duorum
"Colloquio."---- *Virg.* Æn. VIII.

A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl led his ſteps along,
In lofty madneſs meditating ſong;
Her treſſes ſtaring from poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd but in Caſtalia's ſtreams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once ſwan of Thames, tho' now he ſings no more.)
Benlowes, propitious ſtill to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods, the poppy on his brows.
Here in a duſky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius ſits to dip poetic ſouls,
And blunt the ſenſe, and fit it for a ſkull
Of ſolid proof, impenetrably dull:
Inſtant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,

REMARKS.

v. 19. *Taylor.*] John Taylor, the Water-poet; an honeſt man, who owns he learned not ſo much as the Accidence; a rare example of modeſty in a poet!

"I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
"And never ſcarce did learn my Accidence;
"For having got from *poſſum* to *poſſet*,
"I there was gravell'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourſcore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouſe in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

v. 21. *Benlowes.*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be ſeen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of theſe anagram'd his name *Benlowes* into *Benevolus*; to verify which he ſpent his whole eſtate upon them.

v. 22. *And Shadwell nods, the poppy*, &c.] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a doze, in the year 1692.

v. 24. *Old Bavius ſits.*] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cauſe as Bayes by our Author, though not in ſo Chriſtian-like a manner: for heatheniſhly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and deteſted for his evil works: *Qui Bavium non odit?* whereas we have often had occaſion to obſerve our Poet's great good nature and mercifulneſs through the whole courſe of this Poem. *Scribl.*

v. 28.--*Browne and Mears.*] Bookſellers, printers for any body.--The allegory of the ſouls of the dull coming forth in the form of books dreſſed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vaſt numbers by bookſellers, is ſufficiently intelligible.

IMITATIONS.

v. 15. *A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl*, &c.

"Conclamat vates------
"---- Furens antro ſe immiſit aperto." *Virg.*

v. 23. *Here in a duſky vale*, &c.]

"---- Vidit Aeneas in vale reducta
"Seclufum nemus----
"Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praenatat amnem, *&c.*
"Hunc circum innumerae gentes," *&c.* *Virg.* Æn. VI.

v. 24. *Old Bavius ſits to dip poetic ſouls.*] Alluding to the ſtory of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable.

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
Ruſh to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on theſe banks he views,
Thick as the ſtars of night or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal bloſſoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

Wond'ring he gaz'd: when, lo! a ſage appears,
By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and ſuit which Settle wore
(His only ſuit) for twice three years before:
All as the veſt appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new ſtate, another yet the ſame.
Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son:

Oh! born to ſee what none can ſee awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake!
Thou, yet unborn, has touch'd this ſacred ſhore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-exiſtent ſtate?
Who knows how long thy tranſmigrating ſoul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen ſhe vouchſaf'd to thrid?
How many ſtages through old monks ſhe rid?
And all who ſince, in wild benighted days,
Mixt the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital ſpring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by ſkilful ſwain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:

REMARKS.

v. 34.--*Ward in pillory.*] John Ward, of Hackney, Eſq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſentenced to the pillory, on the 17th of February, 1727.

IMITATIONS.

"At pater Anchiſes penitus convalle virenti
"Incluſas animas, ſuperumque ad lumen ituras,
"Luſtrabat."---- *Virg.* Æn. VI.

v. 28.----*unbar the gates of light.*] An hemiſtich of Milton.

v. 31, 32. *Millions and millions---Thick as the ſtars,* &c.]
"Quam multa in ſilvis autumni frigore primo
"Lapſa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
"Quam multae glomerantur aves," &c. *Virg.* Æn. VI.

v. 54. *Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.*]
"---- Sine tempora circum
"Inter victrices hederam tibi ſerpere lauros." *Virg.* Ecl. viii.

All nonſenſe thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For thus our Queen unfolds to viſion true
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:
Old ſcenes of glory, times long caſt behind,
Shall, firſt recall'd, ruſh forward to thy mind:
Then ſtretch thy ſight o'er all her riſing reign,
And let the paſt and future fire thy brain.

Aſcend this hill, whoſe cloudy point commands
Her boundleſs empires over ſeas and lands.
See, round the poles where keener ſpangles ſhine,
Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her ſable flag diſplay'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her ſhade!

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright courſe begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whoſe long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages periſh there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the South extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory riſe;
From ſhelves to ſhelves ſee greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their phyſic of the ſoul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at beſt, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean ſkies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals riſe!

Lo!

IMITATIONS.

v. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to viſion true*
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view.]
This has a reſemblance to that paſſage in Milton, Book XI. where the angel

To noble ſights from Adam's eye remov'd
The film; then purg'd with euphraſie and rue
The viſual nerve---*For he had much to ſee.*"

There is a general alluſion in what follows to that whole epiſode.

VARIATIONS.

v. 73. In the former edit.

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that line of the introduction,

In eldeſt times, e'er mortals writ or read,

which ſuppoſes the ſun and ſcience did not ſet out together, it was altered to *their bright courſe begun.* But this ſlip, as uſual, eſcaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

Lo! where Mæotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waſte of ſnows,
The North by myraids pours her mighty ſons,
Great nurſe of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's ſtern port! the martial frame
Of Genſeric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Oſtrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Viſigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See where the morning gilds the palmy ſhore
(The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conq'ring tribes the Arabian prophet draws,
And ſaving Ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Chriſtians, Jews, one heavy ſabbath keep,
And all the Weſtern world believe and ſleep.

Lo! Rome herſelf, proud miſtreſs now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring againſt Heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd ſynods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with ſighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilius mourn.
See th' Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods;
Till Peter's keys ſome chriſtened Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moſes lends his Pagan horn;
See graceful Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' iſle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, ſhod, unſhod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linſey-woolſey brothers,
Grave mummurs! ſleeveleſs ſome and ſhirtleſs others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had ſhe ſeen
No fiercer ſons, had Eaſter never been.
In peace great goddeſs ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulneſs draw the ſword!
Thus viſit not thy own! on this bleſs'd age
Oh ſpread thy influence, but reſtrain thy rage.

And ſee, my Son! the hour is on its way
That lifts our goddeſs to imperial ſway.

This

IMITATIONS.

v. 117, 118. *Happy!---had Eaſter never been.*]
"Et fortunatam, ſi nunquam armenta fuiſſent. *Virg.* Ecl. vi.

This fav'rite iſle, long ſever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, ſhe gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the ſcene ſhe draws!
What aids, what armies, to aſſert her cauſe!
See all her progeny, illuſtrious ſight!
Behold, and count them, as they riſe to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the ſky,
Surveys around her, in the bleſs'd abode,
An hundred ſons, and every ſon a god:
Not with leſs glory mighty Dulneſs crown'd,
Shall take thro' Grub-ſtreet her triumphant round;
And her Parnaſſus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred ſons, and each a Dunce.
Mark firſt that youth who takes the foremoſt place,
And thruſts his perſon full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues bleſs'd, be born!
And a new Cibber ſhall the ſtage adorn.
A ſecond ſee, by meeker manners known,
And modeſt as the maid that ſips alone;

IMITATIONS.

v. 127, 129. *Now look through Fate!*
See all her progeny, &c.]
"Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quae deinde ſequatur
"Gloria, qui maneant, Itala de gente nepotes,
"Illuſtres animas, noſtrumque in nomen ituras,
"Expediam." *Virg.* Æn. VI.

v. 131. *As Berecynthia*, &c.
"Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
"Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
"Laeta deum partu, Centum complexa nepotes,
"Omnes coelicolas, omnes ſuper alta tenentes." *Virg.* Æn. VI.

v. 139. *Mark firſt that youth*, &c.
"Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur haſta,
"Proxima ſorte tenet lucis loca."---- *Virg.* Æn. VI.

v. 141. *With all thy father's virtues bleſs'd, be born.*]
A manner of expreſſion uſed by Virgil, Ecl. viii.
"Naſcere! præque diem veniens age, Lucifer."
As alſo that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. iv.

It was very natural to ſhew to the Hero, before all others, his own ſon, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here preſents himſelf, the reader may be cautioned againſt aſcribing wholly to the father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be underſtood with an eye to the ſon.

From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! ſhall ſing in thee.
Thee ſhall each alehouſe, thee each gillhouſe mourn,
And anſw'ring ginſhops ſourer ſighs return.
Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.
Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the Town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funeral frown.
Lo

REMARKS.

v. 149. *Jacob, the ſcourge of grammar, mark with awe.*] "This gentleman is a ſon of a conſiderable maltſter of Romſey in South-"amptonſhire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney; who, "between his more laborious ſtudies, has diverted himſelf with poetry. "He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occaſioned "him to try his genius that way. He has writ in proſe the Lives of the "Poets, Eſſays, and a great many Law Books, Accompliſhed Convey-"ancer, Modern Juſtice, *&c.*" Giles Jacob of himſelf, Lives of Poets, vol. i. He very groſly, and unprovoked, abuſed in that book the Author's friend, Mr. Gay.

v. 152. *Horneck----Roome.*] Theſe two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and, one would think, prophetically; ſince, after the publiſhing of this piece the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in honour and employment. The firſt was Philip Horneck, author of a Billinſgate paper, called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was ſon of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-ſtreet, and writ ſome of the papers called Paſquin, where by malicious innuendoes, he endeavoured to repreſent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under proſecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

"You aſk why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
"Yet if he writes as dull as other folks,
"You wonder at it----This, Sir, is the caſe,
"The jeſt is loſt unleſs he prints his face."

P----p----le was the author of ſome vile plays and pamphlets. He publiſhed abuſes on our Author in a paper called The Prompter.

VARIATIONS.

v. 149, In the firſt edition it was

Woolſton, the ſcourge of Scripture, mark with awe,
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuſs of law!

v. 151. *Lo P----p----le's brow,* &c.] In the former edition,

Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Honeck's fierce and Roome's funeral face,

IMITATIONS.

v. 145. *From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free*]

"----ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas,
"Tu Marcellus eris!" *Virg.* Æn. VI.

v. 147. *Thee ſhall each alehouſe,* &c.]

"Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
"Te liquidi flevere lacus." *Virg.* Æn. VII.

Virgil again, Ecl. x.

"---etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricæ," *&c.*

v. 150. ---"duo fulmina belli
"Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!" *Virg.* Æn. VI.

Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Each cygnet ſweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:
Each ſongſter, riddler, ev'ry nameleſs name,
All crowd, who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to fame.
Some ſtrain in rhyme; the Muſes, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks;
Some, free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check,
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous—Anſwer him, ye Owls!
Senſe, ſpeech, and meaſure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welſted, flow! like thine inſpirer, beer,
Tho' ſtale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;

REMARKS.

v. 153.---*Goode.*] An ill-natured critic, who writ a ſatire on our Author, called The Mock Æſop, and many anonymous libels in newſpapers, for hire.

v. 165 ---*Ralph.*] James Ralph, a name inſerted after the firſt editions, not known to our author till he writ a ſwearing-piece called Sawney, very abuſive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himſelf. Theſe lines alluded to a thing of his entitled Night, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praiſed himſelf highly above Mr. Addiſon, in wretched remarks upon that author's accounts of Engliſh Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 17, 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being adviſed to read the Rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he ſmiled, and replied, "Shakeſpeare writ without rules." He ended at laſt in the common ſink of all ſuch writers, a political newſpaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a ſmall pittance for pay.

VARIATIONS.

v. 157. *Each ſongſter, riddler,* &c.] In the former edit.
Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameleſs name.
After ver. 158. in the firſt edition followed.
How proud, how pale, how earneſt all appear!
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

IMITATIONS.

v. 166. *And makes night hideous.*----]
"Viſit thus the glimpſes of the moon,
"Making night hideous." *Shakeſp.*

v. 169. *Flow, Welſted, flow!* &c.] Parody on Denham, Cooper's Hill;
"O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
"My great example, as it is my theme:
"Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
"Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full!"

So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
Heady, not ſtrong; o'erflowing though not full.
Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-ſtar'd rage
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my Sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
Behold yon' pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Paſquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they ſhare,
That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.
" But who is he, in cloſet cloſe y-pent,
" Of ſober face, with learned duſt beſprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede thy myſter wight,
On parchment ſcrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulneſs laſt,
As thou preſerv'ſt the dulneſs of the paſt!
There, dim in clouds, the poring ſcholiaſts mark:
Wits, who, like owls, ſee only in the dark;
A lumberhouſe of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each ſcience lifts its modern type,
Hiſt'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,

While

IMITATIONS.

v. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my Sons! be foes no more!*] *Virg.* Æn. VI.

" ----Ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella,
" Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires:
" Tuque prior, tu parce---ſanguis meus!" --

v. 179. *Behold yon' pair in ſtrict embraces join'd.*] *Virg.* Æn. VI.

" Illæ autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
" Concordes animæ"---

And in Æn. V.

" Euryalus, forma inſignis viridique juventa,
" Niſus amore pio pueri."

v. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] *Virg.* Æn. VI. queſtions and anſwers in this manner, of Numa:

" Quis procul ille autem camis inſignis olivæ,
" Sacra ferens?----noſco crines, incanaque menta," *&c.*

While proud Philoſophy repines to ſhow,
Diſhoneſt ſight! his breeches rent below,
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley ſtands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonſenſe trickles from his tongue!
How ſweet the periods, neither ſaid nor ſung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ſtrain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibſon preach in vain.
Oh great reſtorer of the good old ſtage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wiſe abodes,
A decent prieſt, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with butchers plac'd thy prieſtly ſtall,
Meek Modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.

Yet, oh, my Sons! a father's words attend:
(So may the Fates preſerve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But, oh! with one, immortal one, diſpenſe,
The ſource of Newton's light, of Bacon's ſenſe.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inſpires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives are giv'n for you to hate.

REMARKS.

v. 199.----*lo! Henley ſtands*, &c.] J. Henley, the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wedneſdays upon all other Sciences. Each auditor paid one ſhilling. He declaimed ſome years againſt the greateſt perſons, and occaſionally did our Author that honour.

v. 204.----*Sherlock*, *Hare*,---*Gibſon.*] Biſhops of Saliſbury, Chicheſter, and London; whoſe Sermons and Paſtoral Letters did honour to their country as well as ſtations.

v. 212.] Of Toland and Tindal, ſee Book II. ver. 309. Thomas Woolſton was an impious madman, who wrote, in a moſt inſolent ſtyle, againſt the miracles of the Goſpel, in the years 1626, &c.

VARIATIONS.

v. 197.] In the firſt edition it was,

And proud Philoſophy with breeches tore,
And Engliſh muſic with a diſmal ſcore.
Faſt by in darkneſs palpable inſhrin'd
W--s, B--r, M--n, all the poring kind.

Perſiſt, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But "Learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God."
Thus he, for then a ray of reaſon ſtole
Half through the ſolid darkneſs of his ſoul;
But ſoon the cloud return'd—and thus the fire:
See now what Dulneſs and her Sons admire!
See what the charms that ſmite the ſimple heart,
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
His never-bluſhing head he turn'd aſide,
(Not half ſo pleas'd when Goodman propheſy'd,)
And look'd, and ſaw a ſable ſorc'rer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies:
All ſudden, gorgons hiſs, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants ruſh to war.
Hell riſes, heav'n deſcends, and dance on earth;
Gods, imps, and monſters, muſic, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all.
Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other ſuns.
The foreſts dance, the rivers upward riſe,
Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;
And laſt, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vaſt egg produces human race.
Joy fills his ſoul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r theſe wonders wrought?
Son, what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee! look and find
Each monſter meets his likeneſs in thy mind.
Yet would'ſt thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whoſe ſarſenet ſkirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchleſs

IMITATIONS.

v. 224.——*Learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God.*"]
" Diſcite juſtitiam moniti, et non temnere divos." *Virg.*

v. 244. *And other planets.*]
" ---Solemque *ſuum, ſua* ſidera norunt."---
Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 246, *Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies.*]
" Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum." *Hor.*

v. 251. *Son, what thou ſeekeſt is in thee!*]
" Quod petis in te eſt---
" ---Ne te quæſiveris extra." *Pers.*

A matchleſs youth! his nod theſe worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls;
Angel of Dulneſs, ſent to ſcatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclaſſic ground:
Yon' ſtars, yon' ſuns, he rears at pleaſure higher,
Illumes their light, and ſets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he ſits at eaſe,
Midſt ſnows of paper, and fierce hail of peaſe!
And proud his miſtreſs' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But, lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards riſe; I ſee my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle ſhrin'd,
On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, diſmal is the din,
Here ſhouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending theatres our empire raiſe,
Alike their labours, and alike their praiſe.
And are theſe wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee! theſe wonders are thy own.
Theſe Fate reſerv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreſeen by me, but, ah! with-held from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd renown'd,
Far as loud Bow's ſtupendous bells reſound;
Though

REMARKS.

v. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr John Rich, maſter of the theatre-royal in Covent-Garden, was the firſt that excelled this way.

v. 266, 267.] Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.

IMITATIONS.

v. 256. *Wings the red lightning*, &c.] Like Salmoneus in Æn. VI.

" Dum flammas Jovis, et ſonitus imitatur Olympi.
" ---Nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,
" Aere et cornipedum curſu ſimularet equorum."

v. 258.---*o'er all unclaſſic ground.*] Alludes to Mr. Addiſon's verſe in the praiſes of Italy:

" Poetic fields encompaſs me around,
" And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground."

As ver. 264, is a parody on a noble one of the ſame author in the Campaign: and ver. 259, 260, on two ſublime verſes of Dr. Y.

VARIATIONS.

After *v.* 274. In the former edit. followed,

For works like theſe let deathleſs Journals tell,
None but thyſelf can be thy parellel.

Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praiſe,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roaſting Popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.
Avert it Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Shouldſt wag a ſerpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile ſtraw that's blown about the ſtreets,
The needy poet ſticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now looſe, now faſt,
And carry'd off in ſome dog's tail at laſt.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling ſtone,
Thy giddy dulneſs ſtill ſhall lumber on,
Safe in its heavineſs, ſhall never ſtray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,
And ev'ry year be duller than the laſt;
Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her ſeat imperial Dulneſs ſhall tranſport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure forerunner of her gentle ſway:
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad paſſion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warling Polypheme to roar,
And ſcream thyſelf as none e'er ſcream'd before!
To aid our cauſe, if Heav'n thou canſt not bend,
Hell thou ſhalt move; for Fauſtus is our friend;
Pluto with Cato thou for this ſhalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proſerpine.

Grub-

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 284. in the former edit. followed,

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race.

v. 295. *Safe in its heavineſs*, &c.] In the former edit.

Too ſafe in inborn heavineſs to ſtray,
And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons magiſtrates and peers ſhall taſte,
And from each ſhew riſe duller than the laſt;
Till rais'd from booths, &c.

Grub-ſtreet! thy fall ſhould men and gods conſpire,
Thy ſtage ſhall ſtand, inſure it but from fire.
Another Æſchylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While op'ning hell ſpouts wild-fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,
Th' Auguſtus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following ſigns lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear.
See, ſee, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas ſits Lord Chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!
Lo! Ambroſe Philips is preferr'd for wit!

See

REMARKS.

v. 325. *On poets' tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!*] W--m Benſon (Surveyor of the buildings to his Majeſty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their houſe, and the Painted-Chamber adjoining, were in immediate danger of falling; whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint ſome other place to ſit in while the houſe ſhould be taken down. But it being propoſed to cauſe ſome other builders firſt to inſpect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an addreſs to the King againſt Benſon for ſuch a miſrepreſentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an aſſurance that his Majeſty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who had been architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built moſt of the churches in London, laid the firſt ſtone of St. Paul's, and lived to finiſh it, had been diſplaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

v. 326.--*Ambroſe Philips.*] "He was (ſaith Mr. Jacob) one of the wits "at Button's, and a Juſtice of the Peace." But he hath ſince met with higher

VARIATIONS.

v. 323. *See, ſee, our own, &c.*] In the former edit.

Beneath his reign ſhall Euſden wear the bays,
Cibber preſide Lord Chancellor of plays,
Benſon ſole judge of architecture ſit,
And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for wit!
I ſee th' unfiniſh'd Dormitory wall,
I ſee the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian politicks, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's tranſlating three whole years with Broome.
Proceed, great days, &c.

IMITATIONS.

v. 319, 320. *This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes, The Auguſtus, &c.*]

"Hic vir, hic eſt! tibi quem promitti ſæpius audis,
"Auguſtus Cæſar, divum genus aurea condet
"Secula qui rurſus Latio, regnata per arva
"Saturnio quondam"-- *Virg.* Æn. VI.

Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mentioned, B. I. ver. 26.

See under Ripley riſe a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with ſorrow to the grave deſcends,
Gay dies unpenſion'd with a hundred friends.
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.

REMARKS.

higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. I. p. 157. "Indeed, "he confeſſes, he dares not ſet him quite on the ſame foot with Virgil, "leſt it ſhould ſeem flattery, but he is much miſtaken if poſterity does "not afford him a greater eſteem than he at preſent enjoys." He endeavoured to create ſome miſunderſtanding between our Author and Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo ſoon after he abuſed as much. His conſtant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called The Examiner: a falſehood well known to thoſe, yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

v. 330. *Gay dies unpenſion'd*, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendſhip of our Author, which continued to his death. He wrote ſeveral works of humour with great ſucceſs; The Shepherd's Week, Trivia, The What-dye-call it, Fables; and, laſtly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of ſatire which hit all taſtes and degrees of men, from thoſe of the higheſt quality to the very rabble. That verſe of Horace, *Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim*, could never be ſo juſtly applied as to this. The vaſt ſucceſs of it was unprecedented, and almoſt incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient muſic or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were leſs followed and famous. It was acted in London ſixty-three days uninterrupted; and renewed the next ſeaſon with equal applauſe. It ſpread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Briſtol, fifty, &c. It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was laſt acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans; and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The perſon who acted Polly, till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the Town; her pictures were engraved, and ſold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verſes to her publiſhed, and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that ſeaſon, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demoliſhed by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet ſo great was his Modeſty, that he conſtantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto. *Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.*

VARIATIONS.

v. 331. In the former edit. thus:

O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's tranſlating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following note: "He concludes his irony with a "ſtroke upon himſelf: for whoever imagines this a ſarcaſm on the other "ingenious perſon is ſurely miſtaken. The opinion our Author had of "him was ſufficiently ſhewn by his joining him in the undertaking of the "Odyſſey: in which Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous

"agreement

Proceed, great days! till Learning fly the ſhore,
Till Birch ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more;
Till Thames ſee Eton's ſons for ever play,
Till Weſtminſter's whole year be holiday;
Till Iſis' elders reel, their pupil's ſport,
And Alma Mater lie diſſolv'd in Port!
Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries!
And thro' th' iv'ry gate the viſion flies.

REMARKS.

v. 333. *Proceed, great days!* &c.--- *Till Birch ſhall bluſh*, &c.] Another great prophet of Dulneſs, on this ſide Styx, promiſeth thoſe days to be near at hand. "The devil (ſaith he) licenſed biſhops to licenſe maſters "of ſchools to inſtruct youth in the knowledge of the Heathen Gods, "their religion, &c. The ſchools and univerſities will ſoon be tired and "aſhamed of claſſics, and ſuch trumpery." Hutchinſon's Uſe of Reaſon recovered. *Scribl.*

VARIATIONS.

"agreeement, diſcharged his part ſo much to Mr. Pope's ſatisfaction, "that he gratified him with the full ſum of five hundred pounds, and a "preſent of all thoſe books for which his own intereſt could procure him "ſubſcribers, to the value of one hundred more. The Author only "ſeems to lament that he was employed in tranſlation at all."

After ver. 338, in the firſt edit. were the following lines:

Then when theſe ſigns declare the mighty year,
When the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear;
Let there be darkneſs! (the dread Pow'r ſhall ſay)
All ſhall be darkneſs, as it ne'er were day;
To their firſt chaos Wit's vain works ſhall fall,
And univerſal darkneſs cover all.

IMITATIONS.

v. 340. *And through the iv'ry gate*, &c.

"Sunt geminæ ſomni portæ; quarum altera fertur
"Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
"Ultera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
"Sed falſa ad cœlum mittunt inſomnia manes."

Virg. Æn. VI.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

The Poet being in this Book to declare the completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when ſome high and worthy matter is to be ſung. He ſhews the Goddeſs coming in her Majeſty, to deſtroy Order and Science, and to ſubſtitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How ſhe leads captive the ſciences, and ſilences the Muſes; and what they be who ſucceed in their ſtead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak reſiſtance, or diſcouragement of arts; ſuch as half-wits, taſteleſs admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All theſe crowd around her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but ſhe commends and encourages both. The firſt who ſpeak in form are the Genuiſes of the Schools, who aſſure her of their care to advance her cauſe by confining youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their addreſs, and her gracious anſwer; with her charge to them and the Univerſities. The Univerſities appear by their proper deputies, and aſſure her, that the ſame method is obſerved in the progreſs of education. The ſpeech of Ariſtarchus on this ſubject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddeſs, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their Travels: preſenting to her at the ſame time a young nobleman perfectly accompliſhed. She receives him graciouſly, and indues him with the happy quality of want of ſhame. She ſees loitering about her a number of indolent Perſons abandoning all buſineſs and duty, and dying with lazineſs; to theſe approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them Virtuoſos, and aſſign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, ſhe finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantaſtically adorned, offering her ſtrange and exotic preſents: amongſt them, one ſtands forth and demands juſtice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greateſt curioſities in Nature; but he juſtifies himſelf ſo well, that the Goddeſs gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before mentioned, in the ſtudy of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-neſts, Moſs, &c. but with particular caution not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any uſeful or extenſive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Againſt the laſt of theſe apprehenſions ſhe is ſecured by a hearty addreſs from the Minute Philoſophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom ſpeaks in the name of the reſt. The youth thus inſtructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taſte the cup of the Magus, her high prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her adepts ſhe ſends Prieſts, Attendants and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then diſmiſſing them with a ſpeech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what ſhe expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue; the progreſs and effect whereof on all orders of men, and the conſummation of all, in the reſtoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkneſs viſible ſo much be lent,
As half to ſhew, half veil the deep intent.
Ye Pow'rs! whoſe myſteries reſtor'd I ſing,
To whom time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suſpend

REMARKS.

v. 2. ---*dread Chaos and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the reſtoration of their empire is the action of the Poem.

Suſpend a while your force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
Now flam'd the Dog-ſtar's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay;
Sick was the ſun, the owl forſook his bow'r,
The moon-ſtruck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then roſe the ſeed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguiſh light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate Son reclines.
Beneath her footſtool Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, ſtript, fair Rhet'ric languiſh'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophiſtry are borne,
And ſhameleſs Billingſgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Caſuiſtry in lawn,
Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the cord,
And dies when Dulneſs gives her page the word.
Mad Matheſis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind:
Now to pure ſpace lifts her ecſtatic ſtare,
Now running round the circle, finds it ſquare.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muſes lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:

REMARKS.

v. 14. *To blot out order, and extinguiſh light.*] The two great ends of her miſſion; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be underſtood extenſively, both as civil and moral; the diſtinctions between high and low in ſociety, and true and falſe in individuals: light as intellectual only, wit, ſcience, arts.

v. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or ſcience; *venal* to the deſtruction of order and the truth of things.

Ibid.---*a new world.*] In alluſion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the diſſolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one ſhould ariſe; this the Poet alluding to, in the production of a new world, makes it partake of its original principles.

There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger, wont to pierce the tyrant's breaſt;
But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There ſunk Thalia, nerveleſs, cold, and dead,
Had not her ſiſter Satire held her head:
Nor could'ſt thou, Cheſterfield! a tear refuſe,
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Muſe.
When lo! a harlot form ſoft ſliding by,
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid eye;
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aſide;
By ſinging peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſtand;
Caſt on the proſtrate Nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo ſpoke:
O Cara! Cara! ſilence all that train;
Joy to great Chaos! let Diviſion reign:
Chromatic tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their ſenſe:
One trill ſhall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the ſame notes thy ſon ſhall hum or ſnore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, *Encore*.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But ſoon, ah ſoon, rebellion will commence,
If muſic meanly borrows aid from ſenſe:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel ſtands,
Like bold Briareus, with an hundred hands;
To ſtir, to rouſe, to ſhake the ſoul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arreſt him, Empreſs, or you ſleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian ſhore.
And now had Fame's poſterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations ſummon'd to the throne:

The

IMITATIONS.

v. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*] "Joy to great Cæſar!" The beginning of a famous old ſong.

The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway,
One inſtinct ſeizes, and tranſports away.
None need a guide, by ſure attraction led,
And ſtrong impulſive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.
Not cloſer, orb in orb, conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing bees about their duſky queen.

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confeſs.
Not thoſe alone who paſſive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cauſe.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one claſs admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor abſent they, no members of her ſtate,
Who pay her homage in her ſons, the great;
Who, falſe to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his word without a call.
Patrons, who ſneek from living worth to dead,
With-hold the penſion, and ſet up the head;
Or veſt dull Flatt'ry in the ſacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown;
And (laſt and worſt) with all the cant of wit,
Without the ſoul, the Muſe's hypocrite.

There marcht the bard and blockhead ſide by ſide,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patronis'd for pride.
Narciſſus, prais'd with all a parſon's pow'r,
Look'd a white lily ſunk beneath a ſhow'r.
There mov'd Montalto with ſuperior air;
His ſtrecht-out arm diſplay'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he paſs'd, and bow'd from ſide to ſide;
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he ſtood, bold Benſon thruſt him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, oh that one Johnſon's name.

The decent Knight retir'd with ſober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page:
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in ſtate.

When Dulneſs, ſmiling—"Thus revive the wits!
But murder firſt, and mince them all to bits;
As erſt Medea (cruel, ſo to ſave!)
A new edition of old Æſon gave;
Let ſtandard authors thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd ſhade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourſelves have made.

Leave not a foot of verſe, a foot of ſtone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But ſpread, my Sons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick.
So by each bard an alderman ſhall ſit,
A heavy lord ſhall hang at ev'ry wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some ſlave of mine be pinion'd to their ſide."

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddeſs preſs,
Each eager to preſent the firſt addreſs.
Dunce ſcorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop ſhows fop ſuperior complaiſance.
When lo! a ſpectre roſe, whoſe index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;

His

REMARKS.

v. 115, *&c.*] Theſe four lines were printed in a ſeparate leaf by Mr. Pope, in the laſt edition which he himſelf gave of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer to put this leaf into its place, as ſoon as Sir T. H.'s Shakeſpeare ſhould be publiſhed.

VARIATIONS.

v. 114.] What! no reſpect, he cry'd, for Shakeſpeare's page?

IMITATIONS.

v. 126. *Admire new light*, &c.]

"The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
"Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."

Waller.

His beaver'd brow a birchin garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears,
O'er ev'ry vein a ſhudd'ring horror runs,
Eton and Winton ſhake through all their ſons.
All fleſh is humbled, Weſtminſter's bold race
Shrink, and confeſs the genius of the place:
The pale-boy ſenator yet tinkling ſtands,
And holds his breeches cloſe with both his hands.
Then thus: Since man from beaſt by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reaſon doubtful, Like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.
To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as thy commence,
As Fancy opens the quick ſprings of ſenſe,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exerciſe the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the firſt day he dips his quill;
And what the laſt? a very poet ſtill.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Loſt, loſt too ſoon in yonder Houſe or Hall.
There truant Windham ev'ry muſe gave o'er,
There Talbot ſunk, and was a wit no more!
How ſweet an Ovid Murray, was our boaſt!
How many Martials were in Pult'ney loſt!
Elſe ſure ſome bard, to our eternal praiſe,
In twice ten thouſand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the All that mortal can,
And South beheld that maſterpiece of man.
Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bleſs the land again;

IMITATIONS.

v. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood*, &c.]
" Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
" Of human ſacrifice and parents' tears,"

To ſtick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the counſel to a grammar-ſchool!
For ſure if Dulneſs ſees a grateful day,
'Tis in the ſhade of arbitrary ſway.
O! if my ſons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, ſufficient for a king;
That which my prieſts, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam and Iſis, preach it long!
"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the Goddeſs roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a ſable ſhoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Iſis! wanting to the day,
[Though Chriſt-church long kept prudiſhly away.]
Each ſtaunch Polemic, ſtubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, ſtill expelling Locke,
Came whip and ſpur, and daſht thro' thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgurſdyck.
As many quit the ſtreams that murm'ring fall
To lull the ſons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempeſtuous wont to ſport
In troubled waters, but now ſleeps in Port.
Before them march'd that awful Ariſtarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never veil'd to human Pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aſide.
Low bow'd the reſt: he, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers pleaſe both man and God.
Miſtreſs!

REMARKS.

v. 196. *---ſtill expelling Locke.*] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the Univerſity of Oxford to cenſure Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the laſt edit.

IMITATIONS.

v. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod.*]
"---He, kingly from his ſtate
"Declin'd not."--- Milton.

Miſtreſs! diſmiſs that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Ariſtarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty ſcholiaſt, whoſe unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's ſtrains.
Turn what they will to verſe, their toil is vain,
Critics like me ſhall make it proſe again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know you better;
Author of ſomething yet more great than letter;
While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is ſtill our whole debate,
Diſpute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*.
To ſound or ſink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Friend affect to ſpeak as Terence ſpoke,
And Alſop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus ſhall ſupply:
For Attic phraſe in Plato let them ſeek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient ſenſe if any needs will deal,
Be ſure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hath'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old ſcholiaſts o'er and o'er,
The critic eye, that microſcope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul,

Are

REMARKS.

v. 223, 224. *Friend---Alſop.*] Dr. Robert Friend, maſter of Weſtminſter-ſchool, and canon of Chriſt-church---Dr. Anthony Alſop, a happy imitator of the Horatian ſtyle.

v. 228, &c. *Suidas*, *Gellius*, *Stobæus.*] The firſt a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words: the ſecond a minute critic; the third an author who gave his common-place book to the Public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.

IMITATIONS.

v. 210. ---*is Ariſtarchus yet unknown?*
"Sic notus Ulyſſes? *Virg.*
"Doſt thou not feel me, Rome?" *Ben Jonſon.*

v. 215. *Roman and Greek Grammarians*, &c.] Imitated from Propertius, ſpeaking of the Æneid.
"Cedite, Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii!
"*Neſcioquid majus* naſcitur Iliade."

Are things which Kuſter, Burman, Waſſe ſhall ſee
When men's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
Ah, think not, Miſtreſs! more true Dulneſs lies
In Folly's cap, than Wiſdom's grave diſguiſe.
Like buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
On Learning's ſurface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a houſe,
And much divinity without a Nōs.
Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one Atterbury ſpoil'd the flock.
See! ſtill thy own, the heavy cannon roll,
And metaphyſic ſmokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and ſtuff the head
With all ſuch reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it:
So ſpins the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours till it clouds itſelf all o'er.
What though we let ſome better ſort of fool
Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run through ev'ry ſchool?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was ſhown
Such ſkill in paſſing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if ſober all this time)
Plague with diſpute, or perſecute with rhyme.
We only furniſh what he cannot uſe,
Or wed to what he muſt divorce, a Muſe:
Full in the midſt of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce:
Or ſet on metaphyſic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a ſtep advance.
With the ſame cement, ever ſure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind:
Then take him to develope, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.

But

REMARKS.

v. 245, 246. *Barrow---Atterbury.*] Iſaac Barrow, Maſter of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Chriſt-church, both great geniuſes and eloquent preachers; one more converſant in the ſublime geometry, the other in claſſical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their ſeveral ſocieties.

But wherefore waſte I words? I ſee advance
Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.
Walker! our hat——nor more he deign'd to ſay,
But ſtern as Ajax's ſpectre ſtrode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring puſh'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The firſt came forwards with an eaſy mien,
As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen.
When thus the attendant Orator begun;
Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd ſon:
Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.
The ſire ſaw, one by one, his virtues wake;
The mother begg'd the bleſſing of a rake.
Thou gav'ſt that ripeneſs which ſo ſoon began,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was boy nor man;
Through ſchool and college, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt:
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew;
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian ſouls:
To happy convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To iſles of fragrance, lily-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſp'ring woods, and lute-reſounding waves.

But

IMITATIONS.

v. 284. *A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.*]
"--ſine Dis animoſus Infans." *Hor.*

But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps;
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry vice on Chriſtian ground;
Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
His royal ſenſe of op'ras or the fair;
The ſtews and palace equally explor'd,
Intrigued with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All claſſic learning loſt on claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd Air, the echo of a ſound!
See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well bred,
With nothing but a ſolo in his head;
As much eſtate, and principle, and wit,
As Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber ſhall think fit;
Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And, if a borough chooſe him, not undone;
See, to my country happy I reſtore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive, (for her my ſoul adores;)
So may the ſons of ſons of ſons of whores,
Prop thine, O Empreſs! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long poſterity thy own.

REMARKS.

v. 307. *But chief*, &c.] Theſe two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

v. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps.*] The winged Lion, the arms of Venice. This republic was heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe for her naval force, and the extent of her commerce; now illuſtrious for her Carnivals.

v. 326.---*Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent perſons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profeſſion, had, each in his way, concerned themſelves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the moſt important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the laſt of theſe, and his talents for this end, ſee Book I. ver. 199, &c.

IMITATIONS.

v. 332. *So many the ſons of ſons*, &c.]
"Et nati natorum, et qui naſcentur ab illis." *Virg.*

Pleas'd, ſhe accepts the hero, and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from ſenſe of ſhame.
Then look'd, and ſaw a lazy lolling ſort,
Unſeen at church, at ſenate, or at court,
Of ever-liſtleſs loit'rers, that attend
No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no friend.
There too, my Paridell! ſhe mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too eaſy chair,
And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
The pains and penalties of idleneſs.
She pity'd! but her pity only ſhed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty ſeer, with ebon wand,
And well-diſſembled em'rald on his hand,
Falſe as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily fox is ſeen to creep,
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he, but pious, whiſper'd firſt his pray'r.
Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat!
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!
Thy choicer miſts on this aſſembly ſhed,
But pour them thickeſt on the noble head.
So ſhall each youth, aſſiſted by our eyes,
See other Cæſars, other Homers riſe;
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl.
Now ſee an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient braſs, tho' not in gold,
And keep his lares, tho' his houſe be ſold;

To

IMITATIONS.

v. 342, *Stretch'd on the rack---*
And heard, &c.]
" Sedet, *æternumque ſedebit!*
" Infelix Theſeus, Phlegyaſque *miſerrimus* omnes
" Admonet." *Virg.*

v. 355. *---grant me ſtill to cheat!*
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!]
" ---Da, pulchra Laverna,
" Da mihi fallere----
" Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem." *Hor.*

To headleſs Phœbe his fair bride poſtpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bleſs'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool renown'd,
Who, like his Cheops, ſtinks above the ground,
Fierce as a ſtartled adder, ſwell'd, and ſaid,
Rattling an ancient ſiſtrum at his head:
Speak'ſt thou of Syrian princes? traitor baſe!
Mine, Goddeſs! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit to make their value riſe;
From fooliſh Greeks to ſteal them, was as wiſe;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he riſk'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each demigod, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, ſhrowded in that living ſhrine,
And, at their ſecond birth, they iſſue mine.
Witneſs great Ammon! by whoſe horns I ſwore,
(Reply'd ſoft Annius) this our paunch before,
Still bears them, faithfull! and thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddeſs! clear of all deſign,
Bid me with Pollio ſup as well as dine:
There all the learn'd ſhall at the labour ſtand,
And Douglas lend his ſoft obſtetric hand.
The Goddeſs ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
So back to Pollio hand in hand they went.
Then thick as locuſts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtic crown'd,
Each with ſome wondrous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A neſt, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r.
But far the foremoſt, two, with earneſt zeal,
And aſpect ardent, to the throne appeal.

But

IMITATIONS.

v. 383. *Receiv'd each demigod*]
" Emiſſumque ima de ſede Typhœa terræ
" Cœlitibus feciſſe metum; ſanctoſque dediſſe,
" Terga fugæ: donec feſſos Egyptia tellus
" Cœperit."--- *Ovid.*

The firſt thus open'd: Hear thy ſuppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,
Suckl'd, and cheer'd, with air, and ſun, and ſhow'r.
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I ſpread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glaſs, and nam'd it Caroline:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend ſuch rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiſcuous blaze?
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!
And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect luſt
Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in duſt;
Oh puniſh him, or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
Th' accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen:
Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the ſpring,
Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of heat and air.
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bow'r
The riſing game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.

IMITATIONS.

v. 405, &c.* *Fair from its humble bed, &c.-----nam'd it Caroline!*
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!]
Theſe verſes are tranſlated from Catullus, Epith.
"Ut flos in ſeptis ſecretus naſcitur hortis,
"Quam mulcet auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
"Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
"Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
"Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ." *&c.*

v. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race.*] The Poet ſeems to have an eye to Spenſer, Muiopotmos.
"Of all the race of ſilver-winged flies
"Which do poſſeſs the empire of the air."

v. 427, 428. *It fled, I followed, &c.*]
"-----I ſtarted back;
"It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd;
"Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon."---- *Milt.*

At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly.
My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends;
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowzy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a-clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd,
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.
O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies!
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.
Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose

REMARKS.

v. 452.----*Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

VARIATIONS.

v. 441. *The common soul*, &c.] In the first edit. thus:

Of souls the greater part, Heaven's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And most but find that centinel of God,
A drowsy watchman in the land of Nod.

Whoſe pious hope aſpires to ſee the day
When moral evidence ſhall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impoſe, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid ſteps, and ſlow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common ſenſe to common knowledge bred,
And laſt, to Nature's cauſe thro' Nature led.
All-ſeeing in thy miſts, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and ſource of pride!
We nobly take the high Priori road,
And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature ſtill encroach upon his plan,
And ſhove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thruſt ſome mechanic cauſe into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuſe in ſpace:
Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final Cauſe;
Find virtue local, all relation ſcorn,
See all in Self, and but for ſelf be born:
Of nought ſo certain as our Reaſon ſtill,
Of nought ſo doubtful as of Soul and Will.
Oh hide the God ſtill more! and make us ſee
Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee:
Wrapt up in ſelf, a god without a thought,
Regardleſs of our merit, or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd viſion ſaw,
While thro' poetic ſcenes the Genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That Nature our ſociety adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.
Rous'd at his name, up roſe the bowzy ſire,
And ſhook from out his pipe the ſeeds of fire;
Then ſnapt his box, and ſtroak'd his belly down;
Roſy and rev'rend, tho' without a gown.

REMARKS.

v. 492. *Silenus.*] Silenus was an Epicurean philoſopher, as appears from Virgil, Ecl. vi. where he ſings the principles of that philoſophy in his drink.

Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the Goddeſs Dame.
Then thus: From prieſtcraft happily ſet free,
Lo! every finiſh'd ſon returns to thee:
First ſlave to words, then vaſſal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the ſame;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I ſeen,
Smiling on all, and ſmil'd on by a queen?
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the moſt rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle ſhadow all are ſhrunk,
All melted down in penſion, or in punk!
So K*, ſo B** ſneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's ſlave.
Poor W** nipt in folly's broadeſt bloom,
Who praiſes now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breaſt!
Thy Magus, Goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt.
With that a wizard old his cup extends,
Which whoſo taſtes forgets his former friends,
Sire, anceſtors, himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Up to a ſtar, and like Endymion dies:
A feather, ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his country, ev'ry thing,
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horſes, or to hunt with dogs;

But,

REMARKS.

v. 517. *----his cup----Which whoſo taſtes*, &c.] The cup of Self-love, which cauſes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendſhip or honour; and of the ſervice of God or our country; all ſacrificed to vain-glory, court-worſhip, or the yet meaner conſiderations of lucre and brutal pleaſures. From ver. 520 to 528.

IMITATIONS.

v. 518. *Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends, ---Sire*, &c.] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyſs. IV.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βαλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
Νηπενθές τ' ἀχολόν τε κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων.

But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.
But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And ſtraight ſucceeded, leaving Shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to her ſome glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint,
Beholds himſelf a patriot, chief, or ſaint.
On others' int'reſt her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'reſt, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the ſun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe.
Others the Syren Siſters warble round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your ſons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition haſtes to ridicule!
The ſire is made a peer, the ſon a fool.
On ſome a prieſt ſuccinct in amice white
Attends; all fleſh is nothing in his ſight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is ſhrunk into an urn:
The board with ſpacious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can ſhine?)
Explain the *ſeve* and *verdeur* of the vine.
What cannot copious ſacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French-libation, and Italian ſtrain,
Waſh Bladen white, and expiate Hays's ſtain.

REMARKS.

v. 560. -- *Bladen--Hays.*] Names of gameſters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, Caſhier of the South-ſea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.) Theſe lived with the utmoſt magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables, frequented by perſons of the firſt quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Knight lifts the head; for what are crouds undone,
To three eſſential partridges in one?
Gone every bluſh, and ſilent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a glow-worm, or vertu profeſs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Free-maſons, join the ſilent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botaniſts, or floriſts at the leaſt,
Or iſſue members of an annual feaſt.
Nor paſt the meaneſt unregarded, one
Roſe a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The laſt, nor leaſt in honour or applauſe,
Iſis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.
Then, bleſſing all, Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full;
My ſons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, aſſert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and ſwitch be ſacred to his Grace;
With ſtaff and pumps the Marquis leads the race;
From ſtage to ſtage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the Sun;
The learned Baron butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line;
The Judge to dance his brother ſerjeant call;
The Senator at cricket urge the ball;
The Biſhop ſtow (pontific luxury!)
An hundred ſouls of turkeys in a pye;
The ſturdy Squire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a ſoup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make ſenates dance.
Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Proud to my liſt to add one monarch more;

And nobly conſcious princes are but things
Born for firſt miniſters, as ſlaves for kings;
Tyrant ſupreme! ſhall three eſtates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!
More ſhe had ſpoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
What mortal can reſiſt the yawn of gods?
Churches and Chapels inſtantly it reach'd;
(St James's firſt, for leaden G— preach'd:)
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall ſcarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak:
Loſt was the Nation's ſenſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn uniſon went round:
Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
The vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd treaties in each office ſlept;
And chiefleſs Armies doz'd out the campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
O Muſe! relate, (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort memories, and dunces none,)
Relate who firſt, who laſt, reſign'd to reſt;
Whoſe heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and intrance the dull;
Till drown'd was Senſe, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong—
O ſing, and huſh the nations with thy ſong!

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-compoſing hour
Reſiſtleſs falls; the Muſe obeys the pow'r.
She comes! ſhe comes! the ſable throne behold
Of night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit ſhoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flaſh expires.

As

IMITATIONS.

v. 621. *Relate who firſt, who laſt, reſign'd to reſt:*
Whoſe heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt.]
" Quem telo primum, quem poſtremum *aſpera Virgo*
" Deje&t aut quot numi, *morientia corpora* fundis! *Virg.*

As one by one, at dread Medea's ſtrain,
The ſick'ning ſtars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See ſculking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Caſuiſtry heap'd o'er her head!
Philoſophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her ſecond cauſe, and is no more.
Phyſic of Metaphyſic begs defence,
And Metaphyſic calls for aid on Senſe!
See Myſtery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, bluſhing, veils her ſacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor Public flame, nor Private, dares to ſhine;
Nor human ſpark is left, nor glimpſe Divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is reſtor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And univerſal Darkneſs buries All.

IMITATIONS.

v. 637. *As Argus' eyes*, &c.]

" Et quamvis ſopor eſt oculorum parte receptus,
" Parte tamen vigilat——
" ——Vidit Cyllenius omnes
" Succubuiſſe oculos," &c. *Ovid*, Met. II.

VARIATIONS.

v. 643.] In the former edit. it ſtood thus:

Philoſophy, that reach'd the heav'ns *before*,
Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, *and is no more.*

And this was intended as a cenſure of the Newtonion philoſophy. For the Poet had been miſled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philoſophy had recurred to the occult qualities of Ariſtotle. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing ſuperficially. Had his excellent friend, Dr A. been conſulted in this matter, it is certain that ſo unjuſt a reflection had never diſcredited ſo noble a Satire. When I hinted to him how he had been impoſed upon, he changed the lines with great pleaſure, into a compliment (as they now ſtand) on that divine genius, and a ſatire on the ally by which he, the Poet himſelf, had been miſled.

INDEX

INDEX
OF
PERSONS AND MATTERS
CELEBRATED IN THIS
POEM AND NOTES.

The Numerals ſhew the Book, *the Figures the* Verſe.

A

Ambrose Philips, i. 105. iii. 326.
Attila, iii. 92.
Alaric, iii. 91.
Alma Mater, iii. 338.
Annius, an antiquary, iv. 347.
Arnall, William, ii. 315.

B

Blackmore, Sir Richard, i. 104. ii, 268.
Bezaleel Morris, ii. 126. iii. 168.
Banks, i. 146.
Broome, *ibid.*
Bond, ii. 126.
Brown, iii. 28.
Bladen, iv. 560.
Budgel, Eſq. ii. 397.
Bentley, Richard, iv. 201.
Bentley, Thomas, ii. 205.
Boyer, Abel, ii. 413.
Bland, a gazetteer, i. 231.
Breval, J. Durant, ii. 126, 238.
Benlowes, iii. 21.
Bavius, *ibid.*
Burmannus, iv. 237.
Benſon, William, Eſq. iii. 325, 419.
Burgerſdyck, iv. 198.
Bœotians, iii. 50.
Bruin and Bears, i. 101.
Bear and Fiddle, i. 224.

C

Cibber, Colley, Hero of the Poem, *paſſim*.
Cibber, jun. iii. 139, 326.
Caxton, William, i. 149.
Curl, Edm. i. 40. ii. 3, 58, 167, *&c.*
Cooke, Thomas, ii. 138.
Concanen, Matthew, ii. 299.
Centlivre, Suſannah, ii. 411.
Cæſar in Egypt, i. 251.
Crouzaz, iv. 198.
Codrus, ii. 144.

D

De Foe, Daniel, i. 103. ii. 147.
De Foe, Norton, ii. 415.
De Lyra, or Harpsfield, i. 153.
Dennis, John, i. 106. ii. 239. iii. 173.
Dunton, John, ii. 144.
D'Urfey, iii. 146.
Dutchmen, ii. 405. iii. 51.
Doctors, at White's, i. 203.
Douglas, iv. 394.

E

Euſden, Laurence, Poet-Laureate, i. 104.
Eliza Haywood, ii. 157, *&c.*

F

Fleckno, Richard, ii. 2.
Fauſtus, Dr. iii. 233.
Fleetwood, iv. 326.
Free-maſons, iv. 576.
French cooks, iv. 553.

G

Gildon, Charles, i. 296.
Goode, Barn. iii. 153.
Goths, iii. 90.
Gazetteers, i. 215. ii. 314.
Gregorians and Gormogons, iv. 575.

H

Holland, Philemon, i. 154.
Hearne, Thomas, iii. 185.
Horneck, Philip, iii. 152.
Haywood, Eliza, ii. 157, *&c.*
Howard, Edward, i. 207.
Henley, John, the Orator, ii. 2, 425. iii. 199, *&c.*
Huns, iii. 90.
Heywood, John, i. 98.
Harpsfield, i. 153.
Hays, iv. 560.

J

John, King, i. 252.
James, I. iv. 176.
Jacob, Giles, iii. 149
Janſen, a gameſter, iv. 326.

K

Knight, Robert, iv. 561.
Kuſter, iv. 237.

L

Lintot, Bernard, i. 40. ii. 53.
Law, William, ii. 413.
Log, King, i. line *ult.*

M

Moore, James, ii. 50, *&c.*
Morris, Bezaleel, ii. 126. iii. 168.
Miſt, Nathaniel, i. 208.
Milbourn, Luke, ii. 349.
Mahomet, iii. 97.
Mears, William, ii. 125. iii. 28.
Motteux, Peter, ii. 412.
Monks, iii. 52.
Mandeville, ii. 414.
Morgan, *ibid.*
Montalto, iv. 105.
Mummius, an antiquary, iv. 371.

N

Newcaſtle, Dutcheſs of, i. 141.
Nonjuror, i. 253.

O

Ogilvy, John, i. 141, 328.
Oldmixon, John, ii. 283.
Ozell, John, i. 285.
Oſtrogoths, iii. 93.
Owls, i. 271, 290. iii. 54.
—— Athenian, iv. 362.
Oſborne, bookſeller, ii. 167.
——— Mother, ii. 312.

P

Prynn, William, i. 103.
Philips, Ambroſe, i. 105. iii. 326.
Paridell, iv. 341.

Q

Quarles, Francis, i. 140.
Querno, Camillo, ii. 15.

R

Ralph, James, i. 216. iii. 165.
Roome, Edward, iii. 152.
Ripley, Tho. iii. 327.
Ridpath, George, i. 208. ii. 149.
Roper, Abel, ii. 149.
Rich, iii. 261.

S

Settle, Elkanah, i. 90, 146. iii. 37.
Smedley, Jonathan, ii. 291, &c.
Shadwell, Thomas, i. 240. iii. 22.
Scholiaſts, iv. 232.
Silenus, iv. 492.
Sooterkins, i. 126.

T

Tate, i. 105, 238.
Theobald, or Tibbald, i. 133, 286.
Tutchin, John, ii. 148.
Toland, John, ii. 399. iii. 212.
Tindal, Dr. ii. 399. iii. 212. iv. 492.
Taylor, John, the Water-poet, iii. 19.

V

Vandals, iii. 86.
Viſigoths, iii. 94.

W

Walpole [late Sir Robert] praiſed by our Author, ii. 314.
Withers, George, i. 296.
Wynkyn de Worde, i. 149.
Ward, Edw. i. 233. iii. 34.
Webſter, ii. 258.
Whitefield, *ibid.*
Warner, Thomas, ii. 125.
Wilkins, *ibid.*
Welſted, Leonard, ii. 207. iii. 170.
Woolſton, Thomas, iii. 212.
Wormius, iii. 188.
Waſſe, iv. 237.
Walker, hat-bearer to Bentley, iv. 206, 273.

CONTENTS.

HORACE'S ODES IMITATED.

Page

Ode on St. Cecilia's day, &c. 1708, 5
Ode on Solitude, &c. 8
Ode. The dying Chriſtian to his Soul, 9

SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE VERSIFIED.

Satire II. 10
Satire IV. 17
Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue I. 31
——————— Dialogue II. 35

EPISTLES.

Epiſtle I. To Robert Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, 1721, 43
Epiſtle II. To James Craggs, Eſq. Secretary of State, 1720, 44
Epiſtle III. To Mr. Jervas, with Mr. Dryden's Tranſlation of Freſnoy's Art of Painting, 44
Epiſtle IV. To Miſs Blount, with the Works of Voiture, 1717, 46
Epiſtle V. To the ſame, on her leaving the Town after the Coronation, 1715, 49
Epiſtle VI. To Mr. John Moore, Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder, 50
Epiſtle VII. To Mrs. M. B. on her Birth-Day, 51
Epiſtle VIII. To Mr. Thomas Southern on his Birth-Day, 1742, 52

MISCELLANIES.

The Baſſet-Table. An Eclogue, 53
Verbatim from Boileau, 56
Anſwer to a Queſtion of Mrs. Howe, *ib.*
Occaſioned by ſome Verſes of his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, *ib.*
A Prologue to a Play for Mr. Dennis's Benefit, in 1733, when he was Old, Blind, and in great Diſtreſs, a little before his Death, 57
Macer. A Character, *ib.*

Song

Page
Song by a Perſon of Quality, 1733, 58
On a certain Lady at Court, 59
On his Grotto at Twickenham, compoſed of Marbles, Spars, Gems, Ores, and Minerals, 60
On receiving from the Rt. Hon. the Lady Frances Shirley, a Standiſh and two Pens, *ib.*

EPITAPHS.

I. On Charles Earl of Dorſet, in the Church of Withyam in Suſſex, 62
II. On Sir William Trumball, one of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III. who died 1716, *ib.*
III. On the Hon. Simon Harcourt, only Son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordſhire, 1720, 63
IV. On James Craggs, Eſq. in Weſtminſter-Abbey, *ib.*
V. Intended for Mr. Rowe, in Weſtminſter-Abbey, *ib.*
VI. On Mrs. Corbet, who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt, 64
VII. On the Monument of the Hon. Robert Digby, and of his ſiſter Mary, in the Church of Sherborne, in Dorſetſhire, 1727, *ib.*
VIII. On Sir Godfrey Kneller, in Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1723, 65
IX. On General Henry Withers, in Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1729, *ib.*
X. On Mr. Elijah Fenton, at Eaſthamſted, in Berks, 1730, *ib.*
XI. On Mr. Gay in Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732, 66
XII. Intended for Sir Iſaac Newton, in Weſtminſter-Abbey, *ib.*
XIII. On Dr. Francis Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter, who died in exile at Paris, 1732, *ib.*
XIV. On Edmund Duke of Buckingham, who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735, 67
XV. For one who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey, *ib.*
XVI. Another on the ſame, *ib.*

DUNCIAD.

Page
A Letter to the Publisher, occasioned by the first correct Edition of the Dunciad, 70
Martinus Scriblerus his Prolegomena and Illustrations to the Dunciad; with the Hypercritics of Aristarchus, 78
Testimonies of Authors concerning the Poet and his Works, 79
Martinus Scriblerus of the Poem, 100
Ricardus Aristarchus of the Hero of the Poem, 105
Preface prefixed to the Five first imperfect Editions of the Dunciad, 115
A List of Books, Papers, and Verses, in which Mr. P. was abused before the Publication of the Dunciad, with the true Names of the Authors, 119
Advertisement to the first Edition, with Notes, in Quarto, 1729, 124
Advertisement to the first Edition of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed separately, 1742, 125
Advertisement to the complete Edition of 1743, 126
Advertisement printed in the Journals, 1730, 127
A Parallel of the Characters of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, 128
A Parallel of the Characters of Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden, 129
By Authority, 134
By the Author, a Declaration, 135
The DUNCIAD, To Dr. J. Swift, Book I. 137
——— To Ditto, Book II. 154
——— To Ditto, Book III. 176
——— To Ditto, Book IV. 192
Index of Persons and Matters. 213

THE END.

B M